Milton, John
The masque of Comus

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H. LAWES

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(July, 1907.)

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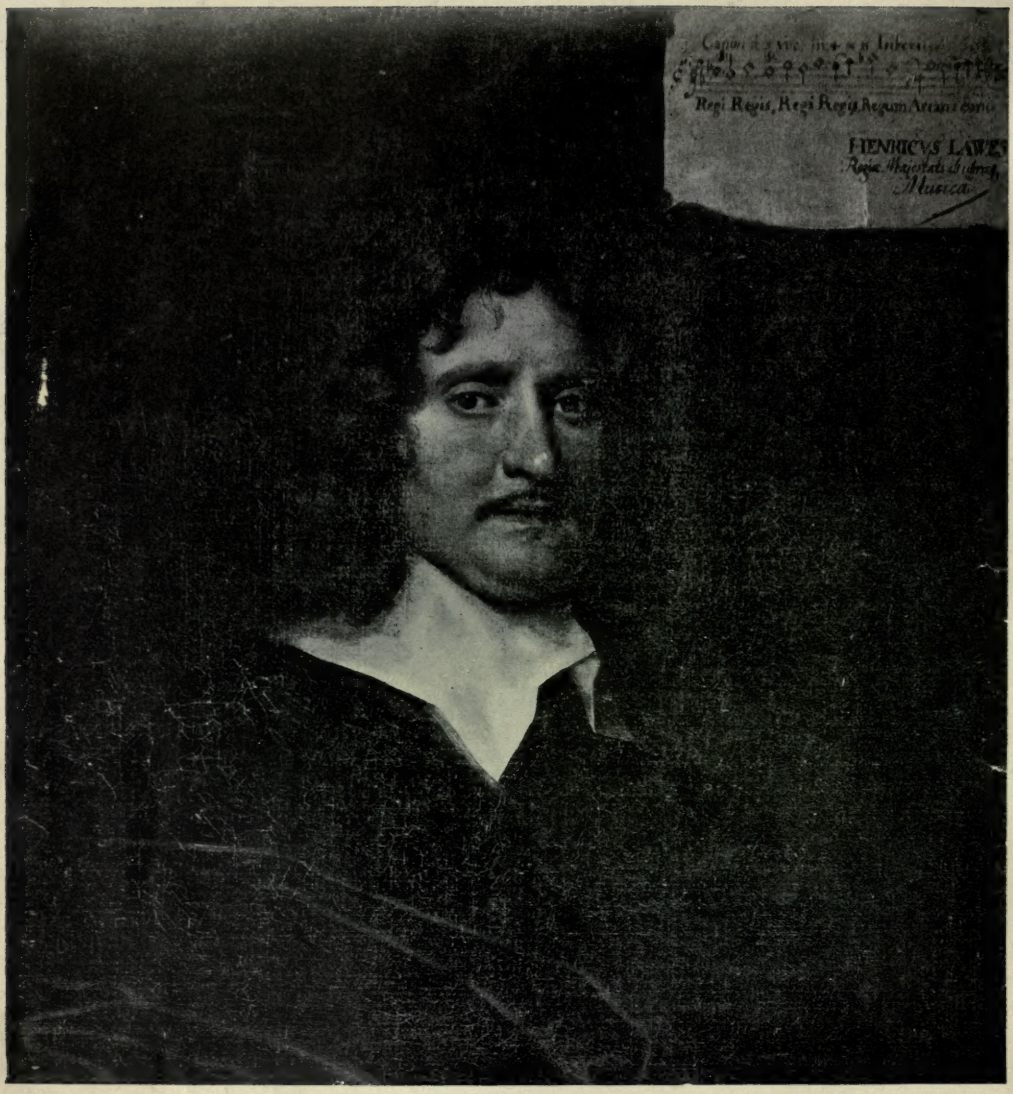

HENRY LAWES.

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MILTON TERCENTENARY, 1908.

THE MASQUE OF COMUS

BY

JOHN MILTON

THE ORIGINAL MUSIC BY

HENRY LAWES

TOGETHER WITH INCIDENTAL MUSIC, DANCES, Etc.,

BY WILLIAM LAWES AND OTHER CONTEMPORARY COMPOSERS

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY

SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY W. BARCLAY SQUIRE.

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INTRODUCTION.

MILTON'S "Comus" is generally supposed to have been written at the instigation of Henry Lawes. It was first produced "on Michaelmasse night," 1634, in the great hall of Ludlow Castle, probably as part of the festivities which celebrated the arrival of John Egerton, first Earl of Bridgewater, to take up his duties as Lord President of the Council in Wales and the Marches. At this performance the part of the Attendant Spirit was taken by Lawes, while the Lady was represented by Lady Alice Egerton, and the two brothers by Viscount Brackley and the Hon. Thomas Egerton; who played the parts of Comus and Sabrina is unknown. Lord Brackley, Lady Alice and Mr. Thomas Egerton were the three youngest children of the Earl of Bridgewater: in 1634 the sister cannot have been more than fifteen, and of her two brothers, "two pleasing black-haired boys," the elder was only twelve: as Lawes was at least thirty-nine the contrast between the performers must have been rather singular. At a much later date (in 1653) the musician dedicated his "Ayres and Dialogues" to Lady Alice and her elder sister, Lady Mary, and from this dedication we know that they had been his pupils, for Lawes tells them that they "excelled most ladies, especially in vocal music, wherein you were so absolute that you gave life and honour to all I set and taught you." The Masque was not printed till 1637, when it appeared anonymously, with a dedication to Lord Brackley by Henry Lawes, in which he says the poem is "so lovely and so much desired that the often copying of it hath tired my pen to give my several friends satisfaction." This edition presents the text practically in the form adopted in all later editions, and it may be accepted as representing the result of Milton's latest revision, but there exist two other versions, both which are of importance in connection with Lawes's music. The first of these is the poet's autograph draft, preserved at Trinity College, Cambridge, and published in facsimile in 1899 by Mr. Aldis Wright. This agrees in a remarkable manner with the second MS. version, preserved in the library of the Earl of Ellesmere, which is very possibly a copy made for the original performance at Ludlow in 1634. Of equal importance (from a musical point of view) with these, is a MS. volume in the possession of the Rev. Dr. Cooper Smith, which contains Lawes's autograph setting of five songs in "Comus"—all the music of which there is any proof that he actually wrote for the Ludlow production. Dr. Cooper Smith's MS. formerly belonged in succession to the Rev. William Gostling, Minor Canon of Canterbury, Sir John Hawkins and Dr. Philip Hayes, from whom it passed to an ancestor of the present owner, who has kindly allowed it to be consulted in preparing the present edition. It contains the following songs (all written merely with the voice part and unfigured bass):

1. "From the Heavens now I fly."
2. "Sweet echo."
3. "Sabrina fair."
4. "Back, shepherds, back," 2nd part, "Noble Lord and Lady bright."
5. "Now my task is smoothly done."

A comparison of the Trinity College and Ellesmere MSS. shows in both different versions of the epilogue from that in which it appears in the printed editions; moreover, the Ellesmere text agrees with Lawes's musical setting, and shows that the composer

seems to have altered the line "To the ocean now I fly" into "From the Heavens now I fly," and transferred the whole passage to the beginning of the play. H. J. Todd, who in 1798 published the Ellesmere MS., surmised that it represented the original form of the poem, yet in the case of another alteration, by which the printed version of the lines:

"So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies"

becomes

"So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And hold a counterpoint to all Heaven's harmonies"

the editor could see in the last line only "a professional alteration" made by the composer! That the expression "hold a counterpoint," which is so characteristic of Milton's use of technical musical terms, was in fact his original first thought, is proved by the Trinity MS., in which the words, though carefully erased, can still be detected. Besides these important variations, Lawes's autograph contains other verbal differences from the printed editions; they are noticed in an article by Mr. E. J. Dent in the *Monthly Musical Record* for August, 1908, where it is pointed out that they receive the support of the Trinity draft, and uphold the theory that the setting of Lawes represents the original form of the Masque as produced at Ludlow.

It is curious that no music should exist for Sabrina's song "By the rushy-fringed bank," nor for either the "Light fantastick round" danced by Comus's crew nor the dances in the last scene. Though much instrumental music by William Lawes is still extant, none by his brother Henry seems to have come down to us; it is therefore possible that he left the dancers to supply their own tunes. The omission of Sabrina's song is more difficult to account for, and it can only be surmised that the performer of the part was no vocalist, and simply spoke the lines.

Though Lawes was thirteen years older than Milton, and their political opinions led them into widely divergent paths, their friendship did not end with their collaboration in the Masque of "Comus," for fourteen years later, when Lawes published his and his brother's "Choice Psalmes," there appeared among the commendatory poems the noble sonnet by Milton (dated in the rough draft in the Trinity MS. "February 9, 1645"), which has done much to immortalize the composer's name. It may well be given here, as a fitting prelude to this edition of Lawes's music to "Comus":

Harry, whose tuneful and well-measur'd song
First taught our English music how to span
Words with just note and accent, not to scan
With Midas' ears, committing short and long;
Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,
With praise enough for Envy to look wan;
To after age thou shalt be writ the man,
That with smooth air could'st humour best our tongue.
Thou honour'st Verse, and Verse must lend her wing
To honour thee, the priest of Phœbus' quire,
That tun'st their happiest lines in hymn or story.
Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher
Than his Casella, whom he woo'd to sing,
Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

W. B. S.

NOTES ON THE MUSIC AND SUGGESTIONS FOR PERFORMANCE.

No. 1.—OVERTURE.

a. SYMPHONY. *b*. ALMAIN.

The first scene "discovers a wild wood." *The Attendant Spirit* "descends or enters." It may be assumed that an Overture was played before the rising of the curtain. For this Overture I have selected a "Symphony" and an "Almain," both composed by William Lawes, brother of Henry Lawes.

No. 2.—SONG (*The Attendant Spirit*), "FROM THE HEAVENS NOW I FLY."

The Masque originally began with the song, "From the heavens now I fly," composed by Henry Lawes.

No. 3.—"THE KING'S HUNTING JIGG."

The entry of *Comus* (line 93) suggests the next introduction of music. The strains here employed at the first representation of the Masque are unknown, but they were probably of a character akin to the sprightly little piece, "The King's Hunting Jigg," composed by Dr. John Bull.

No. 4.—"SELLINGER'S ROUND."

The next opportunity for music is afforded by "The Measure" (after line 144), "In a light fantastic round." This is a country dance, which, according to the Trinity MS. of the Masque, should be danced "in a wild, rude, and wanton antic." One of the best known of these dances is "Sellinger's Round," an arrangement of which, by William Byrd, is here introduced. As the Trinity MS. adds the stage direction "They all scatter," the music might continue to be played while *Comus* addresses the rout until after "Our number may affright" (line 148). When the rout has hidden "within these brakes and trees," he would at once continue his speech with the words "Some virgin sure," &c.

No. 5.—SONG (*The Lady*), "SWEET ECHO."

Introduced at line 230, this beautiful song needs no comment, except to say that the last line was originally "And hold a counterpoint to all Heaven's harmonies," which the Poet afterwards altered to "And give resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies," a form in which it appears in all the printed editions (*see* Introduction, p. 4).

Nos. 6 and 7.—"THE ROYAL CONSORT" (Two Movements).

The second scene (line 658) presents "a stately palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness: soft music, tables spread with all dainties," &c. For the "soft music" I have selected a slow movement from "The Royal Consort," composed by William Lawes. In the absence of any specific direction as to the music, the *Allegro* movement may fitly accompany the incident when the brothers rush in with drawn swords, wrest the glass out of the hand of *Comus*, and put his rout to flight, as the *Attendant Spirit* enters (line 814).

No. 8.—SONG (*The Attendant Spirit*) AND CHORUS, "SABRINA FAIR."

Of this beautiful song (line 859), as set by Henry Lawes, only a portion of the splendid words are utilized; but the remainder could be recited while the chorus "off the stage" repeats the song. To this end I have arranged it for four voices; an arrangement is also given for three voices (s.s.a.), to be used when the Masque is performed at schools.

No. 9.—SONG (*Sabrina*), "BY THE RUSHY-FRINGED BANK."

Sabrina then rises (line 889), and, attended by water-nymphs, sings "By the rushy-fringed bank." Lawes does not appear to have set these beautiful words, therefore I have ventured to adapt to them the music of his song "Phillis, why should we delay?" with, I trust, some success. It admirably fits the text without necessitating alteration of the music.

No. 10.—SARABAND.

Later on (line 922), *Sabrina* descends and the *Lady* rises out of her seat. As the introduction of music would certainly add to the impressiveness of the scene, I have selected a dainty little Saraband by William Lawes to be played at this point.

No. 11.—{*a*. "JIGG." *b*. "THE MITTER RANT."

The stage directions at the beginning of Scene 3 (line 958) include *Country Dancers*. An appropriate opportunity is thus afforded for some rustic strains. Therefore I have selected (*a*) a spirited "Jigg," by William Lawes, and (*b*) "The Mitter Rant," composed by that distinguished 17th century musician, John Jenkins. These pieces, played during the entry of the *Attendant Spirit* with the two *Brothers* and the *Lady*, will be immediately followed by

No. 12.—SONG (*The Attendant Spirit*), "BACK, SHEPHERDS, BACK!"

Music by Henry Lawes.

No. 13.—MARCH, "LORD ZOUCHE'S MASKE."

Immediately following the conclusion of the above song, the stage directions are: "This second song ['Noble Lord, and Lady bright'] presents them to their Father and Mother," the Earl and Countess of Bridgewater. It is clear that these high personages—

who were chief among the *audience* at the first performance of the Masque—should enter here. Their entry upon the stage—which in the present day could be made a most imposing feature of the performance—offers an effective opportunity for a stately march. For this I have selected a March, entitled "Lord Zouche's Maske," composed by Giles Farnaby (b. 1560), and printed in Thomas Morley's "Consort Lessons" (1599).

No. 14.—SONG (*The Attendant Spirit*) AND CHORUS, "NOBLE LORD. AND LADY BRIGHT."

To this song, by Henry Lawes (line 966), I have added a harmonised version for four voices, and one for three voices (S.S.A.), the latter to be used when the Masque is performed in schools.

No. 15.—"SARABAND."

After the song "Noble Lord, and Lady bright," the stage directions read: "The dances ended, the *Spirit* epiloguizes." Thus it may be assumed that a stately dance of some kind followed the song. For the dance I have selected a charming Saraband, composed by William Lawes, in which a select number of the performers, or even the whole company on the stage, might take part.

It is at this point (line 976) that the words "To the ocean now I fly" occur. As these lines (with a slight variant) have already been sung at the opening of the Masque, they may here be merely recited, or the song (No. 2) may be repeated, beginning "To the ocean," &c.

No. 16.—SONG (*The Attendant Spirit*), "NOW MY TASK IS SMOOTHLY DONE."

The Masque concludes most beautifully and effectively with the above song, by Henry Lawes. Its concluding lines I have arranged for four voices, and also for three voices (S.S.A.), thus providing a choral ending. If an instrumental close is considered desirable, "Lord Zouche's Maske" (No. 13) could be played.

In making these suggestions my desire has been to throw out hints as to where a little music may add interest and brightness to the Masque, without, I venture to think, in any way doing violence to the beautiful poem. Milton allowed Henry Lawes to make a few changes in the text in order to stage the piece, thus creating a precedent which largely justifies the few performing suggestions I have, in a spirit of veneration, endeavoured to set forth. In the songs I have adhered to melodies and basses written by Lawes, and endeavoured to fill in the accompaniments with a due regard to the period at which he wrote. In two instances—"Sweet echo" and "By the rushy-fringed bank"—I have added short symphonies.

J. FREDERICK BRIDGE.

November, 1908.

An orchestral arrangement, strings only, of the whole of the music may be had.

THE PERSONS.

THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT, afterwards in the habit of THYRSIS.

COMUS, with his Crew.

THE LADY.

FIRST BROTHER.

SECOND BROTHER.

SABRINA, the Nymph.

The Chief Persons which presented were:—

The Lord Brackley;

Mr. Thomas Egerton, his Brother;

The Lady Alice Egerton.

COMUS.

No. 1.—OVERTURE.

a. Symphony. *b.* Almain.

(*Editor's note on p.* 5.)

The first Scene discovers a wild wood.

The Attendant Spirit *descends or enters and sings.*

No. 2.—SONG, "FROM THE HEAVENS NOW I FLY."

(*Editor's note on p.* 5.)

[{From the heavens / To the ocean} now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky.
There I suck the liquid air,
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about a golden tree.
Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks, that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purfled scarf can show,
Beds of hyacinth and roses,
Where {many a cherub soft / young Adonis oft} reposes.]

Before the starry threshold of Jove's court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aerial spirits live insphered
In regions mild of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
Which men call Earth, and with low-thoughted care,
Confined and pestered in this pinfold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
Unmindful of the crown that Virtue gives,
After this mortal change, to her true servants
Amongst the enthroned gods on sainted seats.
Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that golden key
That opes the palace of eternity.
To such my errand is; and, but for such,
I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.

But to my task. Neptune, besides the sway
Of every salt flood and each ebbing stream,
Took in by lot, 'twixt high and nether Jove,
Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles
That, like to rich and various gems, inlay
The unadorned bosom of the deep;
Which he, to grace his tributary gods,
By course commits to several government,
And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns
And wield their little tridents. But this Isle,
The greatest and the best of all the main,
He quarters to his blue-haired deities;
And all this tract that fronts the falling sun
A noble Peer of mickle trust and power
Has in his charge, with tempered awe to guide
An old and haughty nation, proud in arms:
Where his fair offspring, nursed in princely lore,
Are coming to attend their father's state,
And new-intrusted sceptre; but their way
Lies through the perplexed paths of this drear wood,
The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger;
And here their tender age might suffer peril,
But that by quick command from sovereign Jove
I was despatched for their defence and guard!
And listen why; for I will tell you now
What never yet was heard in tale or song,
From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.
Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
Crushed the sweet poison of misused wine,
After the Tuscan mariners transformed,
Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listed,
On Circe's island fell. (Who knows not Circe,
The daughter of the Sun, whose charmed cup
Whoever tasted lost his upright shape,
And downward fell into a grovelling swine?)
This nymph, that gazed upon his clustering locks,
With ivy berries wreathed, and his blithe youth,
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son
Much like his father, but his mother more,
Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus named:
Who, ripe and frolic of his full-grown age,
Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields,
At last betakes him to this ominous wood,
And, in thick shelter of black shades imbowered,
Excels his mother at her mighty art;
Offering to every weary traveller
His orient liquor in a crystal glass,
To quench the drouth of Phœbus; which as they taste
(For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst),

Soon as the potion works, their human countenance,
The express resemblance of the gods, is changed
Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear,
Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
All other parts remaining as they were.
And they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely than before,
And all their friends and native home forget,
To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.
Therefore, when any favoured of high Jove
Chances to pass through this adventurous glade,
Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star
I shoot from heaven, to give him safe convoy,
As now I do. But first I must put off
These my sky-robes spun out of Iris' woof,
And take the weeds and likeness of a swain
That to the service of this house belongs,
Who with his soft pipe, and smooth-dittied song,
Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
And hush the waving woods; nor of less faith,
And in this office of his mountain watch
Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid
Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
Of hateful steps; I must be viewless now.

COMUS *enters, with a charming-rod in one hand, his glass in the other; with him a rout of monsters, headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts, but otherwise like men and women, their apparel glistering; they come in making a riotous and unruly noise, with torches in their hands.*

No. 3.—"THE KING'S HUNTING JIGG."

(*Editor's note on p.* 5.)

Comus. The star that bids the shepherd fold
Now the top of heaven doth hold;
And the gilded car of day
His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream;
And the slope sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky pole,
Pacing toward the other goal
Of his chamber in the east.
Meanwhile, welcome joy and feast,
Midnight shout and revelry,
Tipsy dance and jollity.
Braid your locks with rosy twine
Dropping odours, dropping wine.
Rigour now is gone to bed;
And Advice with scrupulous head,

Strict Age, and sour Severity,
With their grave saws, in slumber lie.
We that are of purer fire
Imitate the starry quire,
Who, in their nightly watchful spheres,
Lead in swift round the months and years.
The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,
Now to the moon in wavering morrice move;
And on the tawny sands and shelves
Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves.
By dimpled brook and fountain-brim,
The wood-nymphs decked with daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:
What hath night to do with sleep?
Night hath better sweets to prove;
Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.
Come, let us our rites begin;
'Tis only daylight that makes sin,
Which these dun shades will ne'er report.
Hail, goddess of nocturnal sport,
Dark-veiled Cotytto, to whom the secret flame
Of midnight torches burns! mysterious dame,
That ne'er art called but when the dragon womb
Of Stygian darkness spets her thickest gloom,
And makes one blot of all the air!
Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,
Wherein thou ridest with Hecate, and befriend
Us thy vowed priests, till utmost end
Of all thy dues be done, and none left out;
Ere the blabbing eastern scout,
The nice Morn, on the Indian steep
From her cabined loop-hole peep,
And to the tell-tale Sun descry
Our concealed solemnity.
Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
In a light fantastic round.

No. 4.—"SELLINGER'S ROUND."

(*Editor's note on p.* 5.)

THE MEASURE.

Break off, break off! I feel the different pace
Of some chaste footing near about this ground.
Run to your shrouds within these brakes and trees;
Our number may affright. Some virgin sure
(For so I can distinguish by mine art)
Benighted in these woods! Now to my charms,
And to my wily trains: I shall ere long
Be well-stocked with as fair a herd as grazed

About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl
My dazzling spells into the spongy air,
Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
And give it false presentments, lest the place
And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
And put the damsel to suspicious flight;
Which must not be, for that 's against my course:
I, under fair pretence of friendly ends,
And well-placed words of glozing courtesy,
Baited with reasons not unplausible,
Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
And hug him into snares. When once her eye
Hath met the virtue of this magic dust,
I shall appear some harmless villager,
Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear.
But here she comes; I fairly step aside,
And hearken, if I may, her business here.

The LADY *enters.*

Lady. This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
My best guide now: methought it was the sound
Of riot and ill-managed merriment,
Such as the jocund flute or gamesome pipe
Stirs up among the loose unlettered hinds,
When, for their teeming flocks and granges full,
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
And thank the gods amiss. I should be loth
To meet the rudeness and swilled insolence
Of such late wassailers; yet, oh! where else
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?
My brothers, when they saw me wearied out
With this long way, resolving here to lodge
Under the spreading favour of these pines,
Stepped, as they said, to the next thicket-side
To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
As the kind hospitable woods provide.
They left me then when the gray-hooded Even,
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.
But where they are, and why they came not back,
Is now the labour of my thoughts; 'tis likeliest
They had engaged their wandering steps too far,
And envious darkness, ere they could return,
Had stole them from me: else, O thievish Night,
Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars
That Nature hung in heaven, and filled their lamps
With everlasting oil, to give due light
To the misled and lonely traveller?

This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
Was rife, and perfect in my listening ear;
Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
What might this be? A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
And airy tongues that syllable men's names
On sands and shores and desert wildernesses.
These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong siding champion, Conscience.
O, welcome, pure-eyed Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering angel girt with golden wings,
And thou unblemished form of Chastity!
I see ye visibly, and now believe
That He, the Supreme Good, to whom all things ill
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
Would send a glistering guardian, if need were,
To keep my life and honour unassailed—
Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
I did not err; there does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
And casts a gleam over this tufted grove.
I cannot hallo to my brothers, but
Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
I'll venture; for my new-enlivened spirits
Prompt me, and they perhaps are not far off.

No. 5.—SONG, "SWEET ECHO."

(*Editor's note on p. 5.*)

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
Within thy airy shell
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroidered vale
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well:
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?
O, if thou have
Hid them in some flowery cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet Queen of parley, Daughter of the sphere!
So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And { hold a counterpoint / give resounding grace } to all Heaven's harmonies!

Comus. Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?

Suré something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence.
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smiled! I have oft heard
My mother Circe with the Sirens three,
Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades,
Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs;
Who, as they sung, would take the prisoned soul,
And lap it in Elysium: Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmured soft applause.
Yet they in pleasing slumber lulled the sense,
And in sweet madness robbed it of itself;
But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,
And she shall be my queen.—Hail, foreign wonder!
Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,
Unless the goddess that in rural shrine
Dwell'st here with Pan or Sylvan, by blest song
Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog
To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood.
Lady. Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost that praise
That is addressed to unattending ears:
Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
How to regain my severed company,
Compelled me to awake the courteous Echo
To give me answer from her mossy couch.
Comus. What chance, good Lady, hath bereft you thus?
Lady. Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.
Comus. Could that divide you from near-ushering guides?
Lady. They left me weary on a grassy turf.
Comus. By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?
Lady. To seek i' the valley some cool friendly spring.
Comus. And left your fair side all unguarded, Lady?
Lady. They were but twain, and purposed quick return.
Comus. Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.
Lady. How easy my misfortune is to hit!
Comus. Imports their loss, beside the present need?
Lady. No less than if I should my brothers lose.
Comus. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?
Lady. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazored lips.
Comus. Two such I saw, what time the laboured ox
In his loose traces from the furrow came,
And the swinked hedger at his supper sat.
I saw them under a green mantling vine,
That crawls along the side of yon small hill,

Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;
Their port was more than human, as they stood:
I took it for a faery vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play i' the plighted clouds. I was awe-struck,
And, as I passed, I worshipped: if those you seek,
It were a journey like the path to Heaven,
To help you find them.
Lady. Gentle villager,
What readiest way would bring me to that place?
Comus. Due west it rises from this shrubby point.
Lady. To find that out, good shepherd, I suppose,
In such a scant allowance of star-light,
Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,
Without the sure guess of well-practised feet.
Comus. I know each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle, or bushy dell, of this wild wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side,
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood;
And if your stray attendance be yet lodged,
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark
From her thatched pallet rouse: if otherwise,
I can conduct you, Lady, to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
Till further quest.
Lady. Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy honest-offered courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds,
With smoky rafters, than in tapestry halls
And courts of princes, where it first was named,
And yet is most pretended. In a place
Less warranted than this, or less secure,
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial
To my proportioned strength! Shepherd, lead on.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter the Two Brothers.

Elder Brother. Unmuffle, ye faint Stars; and thou, fair Moon,
Thou wont'st to love the traveller's benison,
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here
In double night of darkness and of shades;
Or, if your influence be quite dammed up
With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,
Though a rush-candle from the wicker hole
Of some clay habitation, visit us
With thy long levelled rule of streaming light,

And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,
Or Tyrian Cynosure.
Second Brother. Or, if our eyes
Be barred that happiness, might we but hear
The folded flocks, penned in their wattled cotes,
Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,
Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock
Count the night-watches to his feathery dames,
'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering,
In this close dungeon of innumerous boughs.
But, Oh, that hapless virgin, our lost sister!
Where may she wander now, whither betake her
From the chill dew, amongst rude burs and thistles?
Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,
Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm
Leans her unpillowed head, fraught with sad fears.
What if in wild amazement and affright,
Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
Of savage hunger, or of savage heat!
Elder Brother. Peace, brother: be not over-exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;
For, grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?
Or, if they be but false alarms of fear,
How bitter is such self-delusion!
I do not think my sister so to seek,
Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,
And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
As that the single want of light and noise
(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)
Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
And put them into misbecoming plight.
Virtue could see to do what Virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all to-ruffled, and sometimes impaired.
He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i' the centre, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.
Second Brother. 'Tis most true
That musing Meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,

And sits as safe as in a senate-house;
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
Or do his gray hairs any violence?
But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon-watch with unenchanted eye,
To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit,
From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.
You may as well spread out the unsunned heaps
Of miser's treasure by an outlaw's den,
And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
Danger will wink on Opportunity,
And let a single helpless maiden pass
Uninjured in this wild surrounding waste.
Of night or loneliness it recks me not;
I fear the dread events that dog them both,
Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person
Of our unowned sister.

Elder Brother. I do not, brother,
Infer as if I thought my sister's state
Secure without all doubt or controversy;
Yet, where an equal poise of hope and fear
Does arbitrate the event, my nature is
That I incline to hope rather than fear,
And gladly banish squint suspicion.
My sister is not so defenceless left
As you imagine; she has a hidden strength,
Which you remember not.

Second Brother. What hidden strength,
Unless the strength of Heaven, if you mean that?

Elder Brother. I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength,
Which, if Heaven gave it, may be termed her own.
'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity:
She that has that is clad in complete steel,
And, like a quivered nymph with arrows keen,
May trace huge forests, and unharboured heaths,
Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds;
Where, through the sacred rays of chastity,
No savage fierce, bandite, or mountaineer,
Will dare to soil her virgin purity:
Yea, there where very desolation dwells,
By grots and caverns shagged with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unblenched majesty,
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,
No goblin, or swart faery of the mine,

Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
To testify the arms of chastity?
Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
Fair silver-shafted queen for ever chaste,
Wherewith she tamed the brinded lioness
And spotted mountain-pard, but set at nought
The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men
Feared her stern frown, and she was queen o' the woods.
What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield
That wise Minerva wore, unconquered virgin,
Wherewith she freezed her foes to congealed stone,
But rigid looks of chaste austerity,
And noble grace that dashed brute violence
With sudden adoration and blank awe?
So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity,
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream and solemn vision
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear;
Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on the outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal. But when lust,
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose
The divine property of her first being.
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp
Oft seen in charnel-vaults and sepulchres,
Lingering and sitting by a new-made grave,
As loth to leave the body that it loved,
And linked itself by carnal sensualty
To a degenerate and degraded state.
Second Brother. How charming is divine Philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.
Elder Brother. List! list! I hear
Some far-off hallo break the silent air.
Second Brother. Methought so too; what should it be?
Elder Brother. For certain,
Either some one, like us, night-foundered here,
Or else some neighbour woodman, or, at worst,
Some roving robber calling to his fellows.

Second Brother. Heaven keep my sister! Again, again, and near!
Best draw, and stand upon our guard.
Elder Brother. I'll hallo.
If he be friendly, he comes well: if not,
Defence is a good cause, and Heaven be for us!

Enter the ATTENDANT SPIRIT, *habited like a shepherd.*

That hallo I should know. What are you? speak.
Come not too near; you fall on iron stakes else.
Spirit. What voice is that? my young Lord? speak again.
Second Brother. O brother, 'tis my father's Shepherd, sure.
Elder Brother. Thyrsis! whose artful strains have oft delayed
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,
And sweetened every musk-rose of the dale.
How camest thou here, good swain? hath any ram
Slipped from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,
Or straggling wether the pent flock forsook?
How couldst thou find this dark sequestered nook?
Spirit. O my loved master's heir, and his next joy,
I came not here on such a trivial toy
As a strayed ewe, or to pursue the stealth
Of pilfering wolf; not all the fleecy wealth
That doth enrich these downs is worth a thought
To this my errand, and the care it brought.
But, Oh! my virgin Lady, where is she?
How chance she is not in your company?
Elder Brother. To tell thee sadly, Shepherd, without blame
Or our neglect, we lost her as we came.
Spirit. Ay me unhappy! then my fears are true.
Elder Brother. What fears, good Thyrsis? Prithee briefly shew.
Spirit. I'll tell ye; 'tis not vain or fabulous,
(Though so esteemed by shallow ignorance)
What the sage poets, taught by the heavenly Muse,
Storied of old in high immortal verse
Of dire Chimeras and enchanted isles,
And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to Hell;
For such there be, but unbelief is blind.
Within the navel of this hideous wood,
Immured in cypress shades, a sorcerer dwells,
Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,
Deep skilled in all his mother's witcheries;
And here to every thirsty wanderer
By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,
With many murmurs mixed, whose pleasing poison
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likeness of a beast
Fixes instead, unmouldering reason's mintage
Charáctered in the face. This have I learnt

Tending my flocks hard by i' the hilly crofts
That brow this bottom glade; whence night by night
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl
Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,
Doing abhorred rites to Hecate
In their obscured haunts of inmost bowers.
Yet have they many baits and guileful spells
To inveigle and invite the unwary sense
Of them that pass unweeting by the way.
This evening late, by then the chewing flocks
Had ta'en their supper on the savoury herb
Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,
I sat me down to watch upon a bank
With ivy canopied, and interwove
With flaunting honeysuckle, and began,
Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
To meditate my rural minstrelsy,
Till fancy had her fill; but ere a close
The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,
And filled the air with barbarous dissonance;
At which I ceased, and listened them a while,
Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
Gave respite to the drowsy-flighted steeds
That draw the litter of close-curtained Sleep.
At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound
Rose like a steam of rich distilled perfumes,
And stole upon the air, that even Silence
Was took ere she was ware, and wished she might
Deny her nature, and be never more
Still to be so displaced. I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of Death: but, Oh! ere long
Too well I did perceive it was the voice
Of my most honoured Lady, your dear sister.
Amazed I stood, harrowed with grief and fear;
And, 'O poor hapless nightingale,' thought I,
'How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!'
Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,
Through paths and turnings often trod by day,
Till, guided by mine ear, I found the place
Where that damned wizard, hid in sly disguise
(For so by certain signs I knew), had met
Already, ere my best speed could prevent,
The aidless innocent lady, his wished prey;
Who gently asked if he had seen such two,
Supposing him some neighbour villager.
Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guessed
Ye were the two she meant: with that I sprung
Into swift flight, till I had found you here;
But further know I not.

Second Brother. O Night and Shades,
How are ye joined with hell in triple knot
Against the unarmed weakness of one virgin,
Alone and helpless! Is this the confidence
You gave me, brother?
Elder Brother. Yes, and keep it still;
Lean on it safely; not a period
Shall be unsaid for me. Against the threats
Of malice or of sorcery, or that power
Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm:
Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt,
Surprised by unjust force, but not enthralled;
Yea, even that which Mischief meant most harm
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.
But evil on itself shall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodness, when at last,
Gathered like scum, and settled to itself,
It shall be in eternal restless change
Self-fed and self-consumed: if this fail,
The pillared firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble. But come, let 's on!
Against the opposing will and arm of Heaven
May never this just sword be lifted up;
But, for that damned magician, let him be girt
With all the griesly legions that troop
Under the sooty flag of Acheron,
Harpies and Hydras, or all the monstrous forms
'Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out,
And force him to return his purchase back,
Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,
Cursed as his life.
Spirit. Alas! good venturous youth,
I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise;
But here thy sword can do thee little stead:
Far other arms and other weapons must
Be those that quell the might of hellish charms;
He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints,
And crumble all thy sinews.
Elder Brother. Why, prithee, Shepherd,
How durst thou then thyself approach so near
As to make this relation?
Spirit. Care and utmost shifts
How to secure the Lady from surprisal
Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,
Of small regard to see to, yet well skilled
In every virtuous plant and healing herb
That spreads her verdant leaf to the morning ray:
He loved me well, and oft would beg me sing;
Which when I did, he on the tender grass
Would sit, and hearken even to ecstasy,

And in requital ope his leathern scrip,
And show me simples of a thousand names,
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties.
Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,
But of divine effect, he culled me out;
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
But in another country, as he said,
Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil:
Unknown, and like esteemed, and the dull swain
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon;
And yet more med'cinal is it than that Moly
That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave.
He called it Hæmony, and gave it me,
And bade me keep it as of sovereign use
'Gainst all enchantments, mildew blast, or damp,
Or ghastly Furies' apparition.
I pursed it up, but little reckoning made,
Till now that this extremity compelled:
But now I find it true; for by this means
I knew the foul enchanter, though disguised,
Entered the very lime-twigs of his spells,
And yet came off. If you have this about you
(As I will give you when we go) you may
Boldly assault the necromancer's hall;
Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood
And brandished blade rush on him: break his glass,
And shed the luscious liquor on the ground,
But seize his wand; though he and his curst crew
Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,
Or, like the sons of Vulcan, vomit smoke,
Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.
Elder Brother. Thyrsis, lead on apace; I'll follow thee;
And some good angel bear a shield before us!

The Scene changes to a stately palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness: soft music, tables spread with all dainties. COMUS *appears with his rabble, and* THE LADY *set in an enchanted chair; to whom he offers his glass, which she puts by, and goes about to rise.*

No. 6.—SLOW MOVEMENT FROM "THE ROYAL CONSORT."

(*Editor's note on p. 6.*)

Comus. Nay, Lady, sit: if I but wave this wand,
Your nerves are all chained up in alabaster,
And you a statue, or as Daphne was,
Root-bound, that fled Apollo.
Lady. Fool, do not boast:
Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind
With all thy charms, although this corporal rind
Thou hast immanacled, while Heaven sees good.

Comus. Why are you vexed, Lady? why do you frown?
Here dwell no frowns, nor anger; from these gates
Sorrow flies far. See, here be all the pleasures
That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
Brisk as the April buds in primrose season.
And first behold this cordial julep here,
That flames and dances in his crystal bounds,
With spirits of balm and fragrant syrups mixed.
Not that Nepenthes which the wife of Thone
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena
Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.
Why should you be so cruel to yourself,
And to those dainty limbs, which Nature lent
For gentle usage and soft delicacy?
But you invert the covenants of her trust,
And harshly deal, like an ill borrower,
With that which you received on other terms,
Scorning the unexempt condition
By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,
That have been tired all day without repast,
And timely rest have wanted; but, fair virgin,
This will restore all soon.
Lady. 'Twill not, false traitor!
'Twill not restore the truth and honesty
That thou hast banished from thy tongue with lies.
Was this the cottage and the safe abode
Thou told'st me of? What grim aspects are these,
These ugly-headed monsters? Mercy guard me!
Hence with thy brewed enchantments, foul deceiver!
Hast thou betrayed my credulous innocence
With vizored falsehood and base forgery?
And wouldst thou seek again to trap me here
With liquorish baits, fit to ensnare a brute?
Were it a draught for Juno when she banquets,
I would not taste thy treasonous offer: none
But such as are good men can give good things;
And that which is not good is not delicious
To a well-governed and wise appetite.
Comus. O foolishness of men! that lend their ears
To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,
And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,
Praising the lean and sallow Abstinence!
Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
But all to please and sate the curious taste?

And set to work millions of spinning worms,
That in their green shops weave the smooth-haired silk,
To deck her sons; and, that no corner might
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
She hutched the all-worshipped ore and precious gems,
To store her children with. If all the world
Should in a pet of temperance feed on pulse,
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,
The All-giver would be unthanked, would be unpraised,
Not half his riches known, and yet despised;
And we should serve him as a grudging master,
As a penurious niggard of his wealth,
And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,
Who would be quite surcharged with her own weight,
And strangled with her waste fertility:
The earth cumbered, and the winged air darked with plumes,
The herds would over-multitude their lords;
The sea o'erfraught would swell, and the unsought diamonds
Would so emblaze the forehead of the deep,
And so bestud with stars, that they below
Would grow inured to light, and come at last
To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.
List, Lady; be not coy, and be not cozened
With that same vaunted name, Virginity.
Beauty is Nature's coin; must not be hoarded,
But must be current; and the good thereof
Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,
Unsavoury in the enjoyment of itself:
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
It withers on the stalk with languished head.
Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown
In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,
Where most may wonder at the workmanship:
It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name thence; coarse complexions
And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply
The sampler, and to tease the huswife's wool.
What need a vermeil-tinctured lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?
There was another meaning in these gifts;
Think what, and be advised? you are but young yet.

Lady. I had not thought to have unlocked my lips
In this unhallowed air, but that this juggler
Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,
Obtruding false rules pranked in reason's garb.
I hate when Vice can bolt her arguments
And Virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
Impostor! do not charge most innocent Nature,
As if she would her children should be riotous

With her abundance; she, good cateress,
Means her provision only to the good,
That live according to her sober laws,
And holy dictate of spare Temperance.
If every just man that now pines with want
Had but a moderate and beseeming share
Of that which lewdly-pampered Luxury
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
Nature's full blessings would be well-dispensed
In unsuperfluous even proportion,
And she no whit encumbered with her store;
And then the Giver would be better thanked,
His praise due paid: for swinish gluttony
Ne'er looks to Heaven amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted base ingratitude
Crams, and blasphemes his Feeder. Shall I go on?
Or have I said enough? To him that dares
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
Against the sun-clad power of chastity,
Fain would I something say;—yet to what end?
Thou hast nor ear, nor soul to apprehend
The sublime notion and high mystery
That must be uttered to unfold the sage
And serious doctrine of Virginity;
And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know
More happiness than this thy present lot.
Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,
That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence;
Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinced:
Yet, should I try, the uncontrolled worth
Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits
To such a flame of sacred vehemence,
That dumb things would be moved to sympathize,
And the brute Earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
Till all thy magic structures, reared so high,
Were shattered into heaps o'er thy false head.
Comus. She fables not. I feel that I do fear
Her words set off by some superior power;
And, though not mortal, yet a cold shuddering dew
Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove
Speaks thunder and the chains of Erebus
To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble,
And try her yet more strongly.—Come, no more!
This is mere moral babble, and direct
Against the canon laws of our foundation;
I must not suffer this; yet 'tis but the lees
And settlings of a melancholy blood:
But this will cure all straight; one sip of this
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste.....

The BROTHERS *rush in with swords drawn, wrest his glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground: his rout make sign of resistance, but are all driven in. The* ATTENDANT SPIRIT *comes in.*

No. 7.—QUICK MOVEMENT FROM "THE ROYAL CONSORT."

(*Editor's note on p.* 6.)

Spirit. What! have you let the false enchanter scape?
O ye mistook; ye should have snatched his wand,
And bound him fast: without his rod reversed,
And backward mutters of dissevering power,
We cannot free the Lady that sits here
In stony fetters fixed and motionless.
Yet stay: be not disturbed; now I bethink me,
Some other means I have which may be used,
Which once of Melibœus old I learnt,
The soothest shepherd that e'er piped on plains.
There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream:
Sabrina is her name: a virgin pure;
Whilom she was the daughter of Locrine,
That had the sceptre from his father Brute.
She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
Of her enraged stepdame, Guendolen,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood
That stayed her flight with his cross-flowing course.
The water-nymphs, that in the bottom played,
Held up their pearled wrist, and took her in,
Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall;
Who, piteous of her woes, reared her lank head,
And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
In nectared lavers strewed with asphodil,
And through the porch and inlet of each sense
Dropt in ambrosial oils, till she revived,
And underwent a quick immortal change,
Made goddess of the river. Still she retains
Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs
That the shrewd meddling elf delights to make,
Which she with precious vialed liquors heals:
For which the shepherds at their festivals
Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream
Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.
And, as the old swain said, she can unlock
The clasping charm, and thaw the numbing spell,
If she be right invoked in warbled song;
For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift
To aid a virgin, such as was herself,
In hard-besetting need: this will I try,
And add the power of some adjuring verse.

No. 8.—SONG AND CHORUS, "SABRINA FAIR."

(*Editor's note on p. 6.*)

Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou are sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
Listen for dear honour's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen and save!

Listen and appear to us,
In name of great Oceanus,
By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
And Tethys' grave majestic pace;
By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,
And the Carpathian wizard's hook;
By scaly Triton's winding shell,
And old soothsaying Glacus' spell;
By Leucothea's lovely hands,
And her son that rules the strands;
By Thetis' tinsel-slippered feet,
And the songs of Sirens sweet;
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligea's golden comb,
Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks
Sleeking her soft alluring locks;
By all the nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance;
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head
From thy coral-paven bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answered have.
Listen and save!

SABRINA *rises, attended by Water-nymphs, and sings.*

No. 9.—SONG, "BY THE RUSHY-FRINGED BANK."

(*Editor's note on p. 6.*)

By the rushy-fringed bank,
Where grows the willow and the osier dank,
My sliding chariot stays,
Thick set with agate, and the azurn sheen
Of turkis blue, and emerald green,
That in the channel strays:
Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
That bends not as I tread.
Gentle swain, at thy request
I am here!

Spirit. Goddess dear,
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmed band
Of true virgin here distressed,
Through the force and through the wile
Of unblessed enchanter vile.
Sabrina. Shepherd, 'tis my office best
To help ensnared chastity:
Brightest Lady, look on me.
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops that from my fountain pure
I have kept of precious cure;
Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip:
Next this marbled venomed seat,
Smeared with gums of glutinous heat,
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold.
Now the spell hath lost his hold;
And I must haste ere morning hour
To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

SABRINA *descends, and* THE LADY *rises out of her seat.*

No. 10.—SARABAND.
(*Editor's note on p.* 6.)

Spirit. Virgin, daughter of Locrine,
Sprung of old Anchises' line,
May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never miss
From a thousand petty rills,
That tumble down the snowy hills:
Summer drouth or singed air
Never scorch thy tresses fair,
Nor wet October's torrent flood
Thy molten crystal fill with mud;
May thy billows roll ashore
The beryl and the golden ore;
May thy lofty head be crowned
With many a tower and terrace round,
And here and there thy banks upon
With groves of myrrh and cinnamon.
Come, Lady, while Heaven lends us grace,
Let us fly this cursed place,
Lest the sorcerer us entice
With some other new device.
Not a waste or needless sound
Till we come to holier ground;
I shall be your faithful guide
Through this gloomy covert wide;

And not many furlongs thence
Is your Father's residence,
Where this night are met in state
Many a friend to gratulate
His wished presence, and beside
All the swains that there abide
With jigs and rural dance resort;
We shall catch them at their sport,
And our sudden coming there
Will double all their mirth and cheer.
Come, let us haste; the stars grow high,
But Night sits monarch yet in the mid sky.

The Scene changes, presenting Ludlow Town and the President's Castle: then come in Country Dancers; after them the ATTENDANT SPIRIT, *with the two* BROTHERS *and* THE LADY.

No. 11.—{*a.* "JIGG."
b. "THE MITTER RANT."
(*Editor's note on p.* 6.)

No. 12.—SONG, "BACK, SHEPHERDS, BACK!"
(*Editor's note on p.* 6.)

Spirit. Back, shepherds, back! enough your play,
Till next sun-shine holiday:
Here be, without duck or nod,
Other trippings to be trod
Of lighter toes, and such court guise
As Mercury did first devise
With the mincing Dryades
On the lawns and on the leas.

No. 13.—MARCH, "LORD ZOUCHE'S MASKE."
(*Editor's note on p.* 6.)

This second Song presents them to their Father and Mother.

No. 14.—SONG AND CHORUS, "NOBLE LORD, AND LADY BRIGHT."
(*Editor's note on p.* 7.)

Noble Lord, and Lady bright,
I have brought ye new delight;
Here behold so goodly grown
Three fair branches of your own:
Heaven hath timely tried their youth,
Their faith, their patience, and their truth,
And sent them here through hard assays
With a crown of deathless praise,
To triumph in victorious dance
O'er sensual folly and intemperance.

No. 15.—"SARABAND."
(*Editor's note on p. 7.*)

The dances ended, the SPIRIT *epiloguizes.*

Spirit. To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky;
There I suck the liquid air,
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree.
Along the crisped shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring;
The Graces and the rosy-bosomed Hours
Thither all their bounties bring;
There eternal Summer dwells,
And west winds with musky wing
About the cedarn alleys fling
Nard and cassia's balmy smells.
Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks, that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than the purfled scarf can shew;
And drenches with Elysian dew
(List, mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of hyacinth and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound
In slumber soft, and on the ground
Sadly sits the Assyrian queen:
But far above in spangled sheen
Celestial Cupid, her famed son advanced,
Holds his dear Psyche sweet entranced,
After her wandering labours long,
Till free consent the gods among
Make her his eternal bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.

No. 16.—SONG, "NOW MY TASK IS SMOOTHLY DONE."
(*Editor's note on p. 7.*)

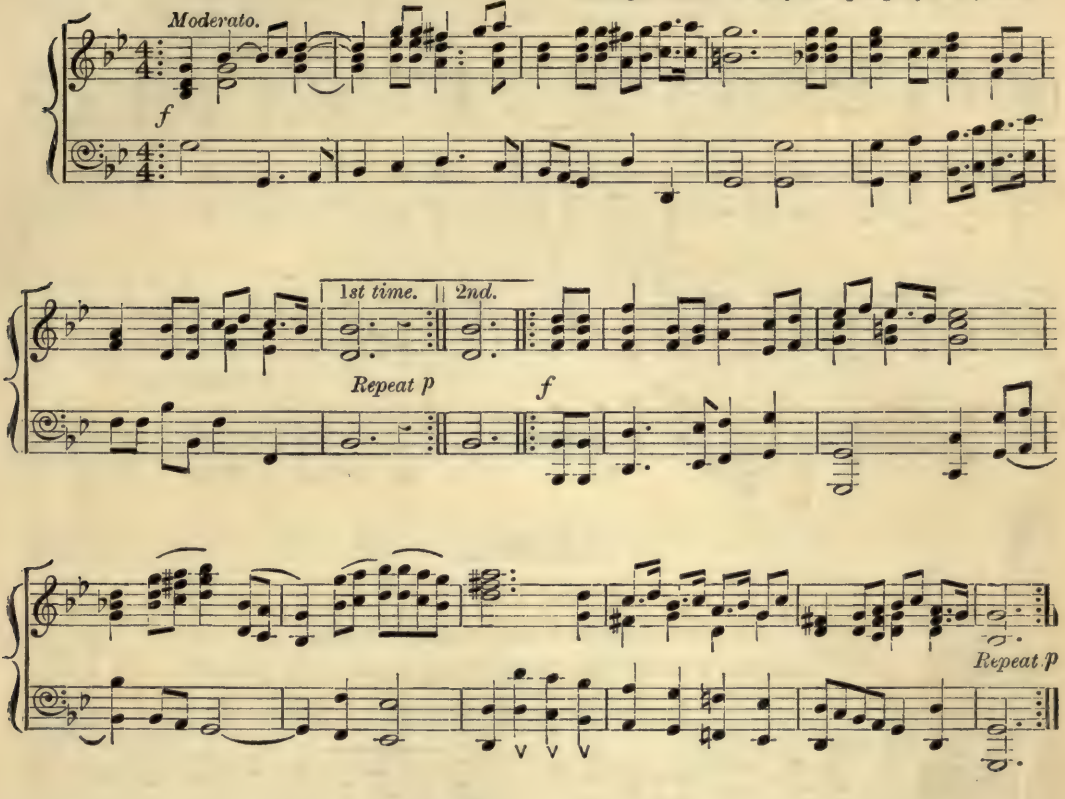
But now my task is smoothly done:
I can fly, or I can run,
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bowed welkin slow doth bend,
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.
Mortals, that would follow me,
Love Virtue: she alone is free;
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

No. 1. OVERTURE.

(*a*) SYMPHONY.

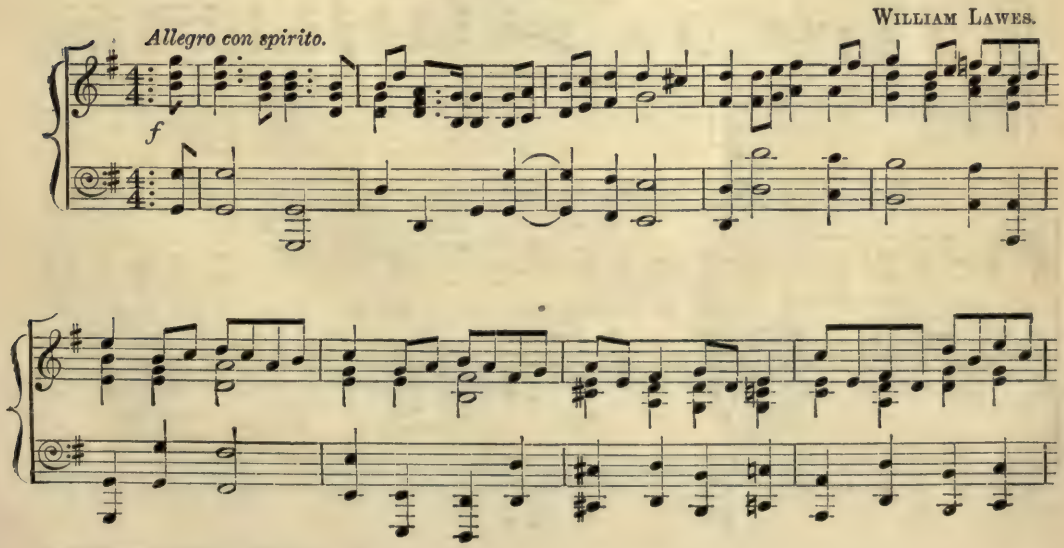
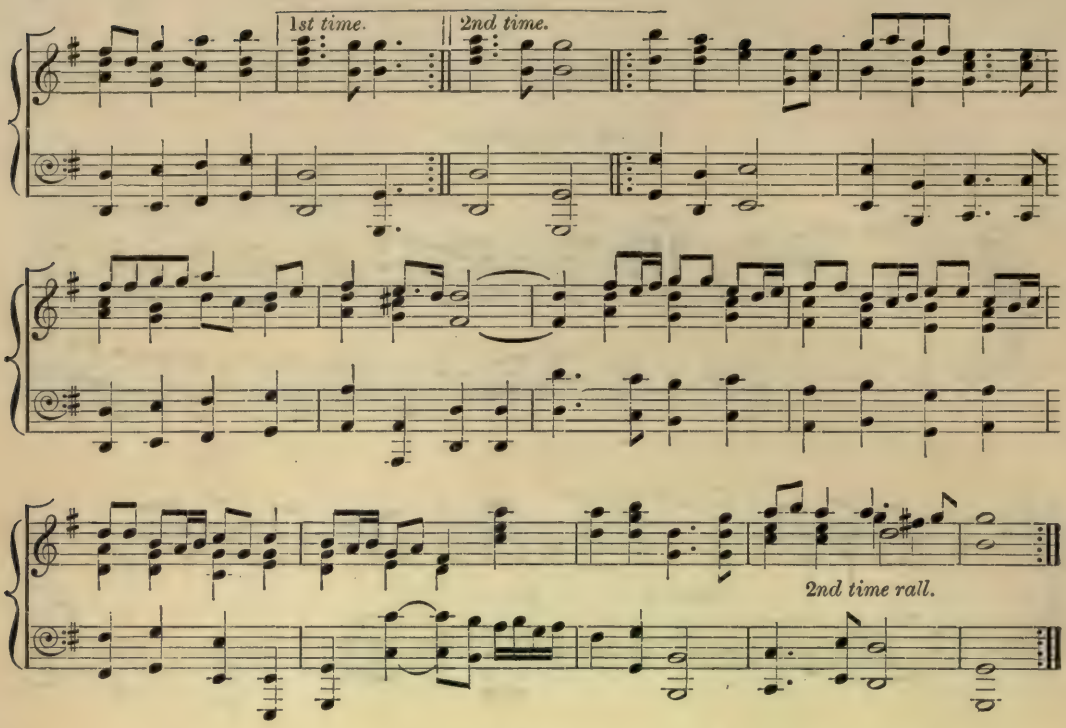
WILLIAM LAWES.

Arranged from "Courtly Masquing Ayres" (1662).



(*b*) ALMAIN.

WILLIAM LAWES.



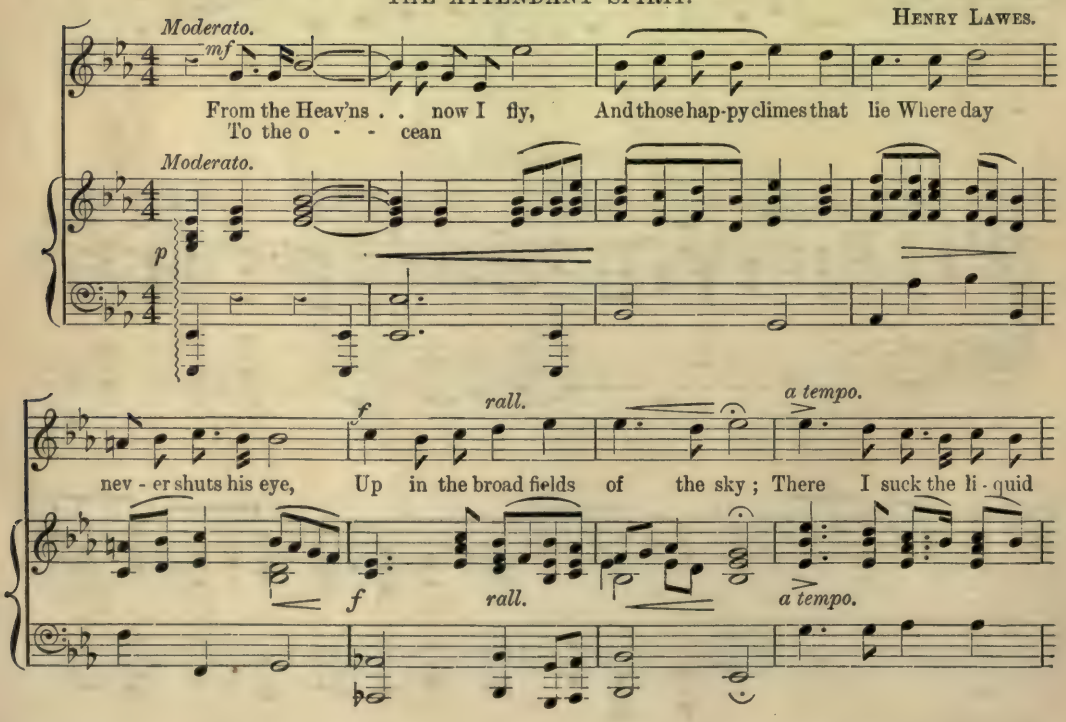
SCENE I.

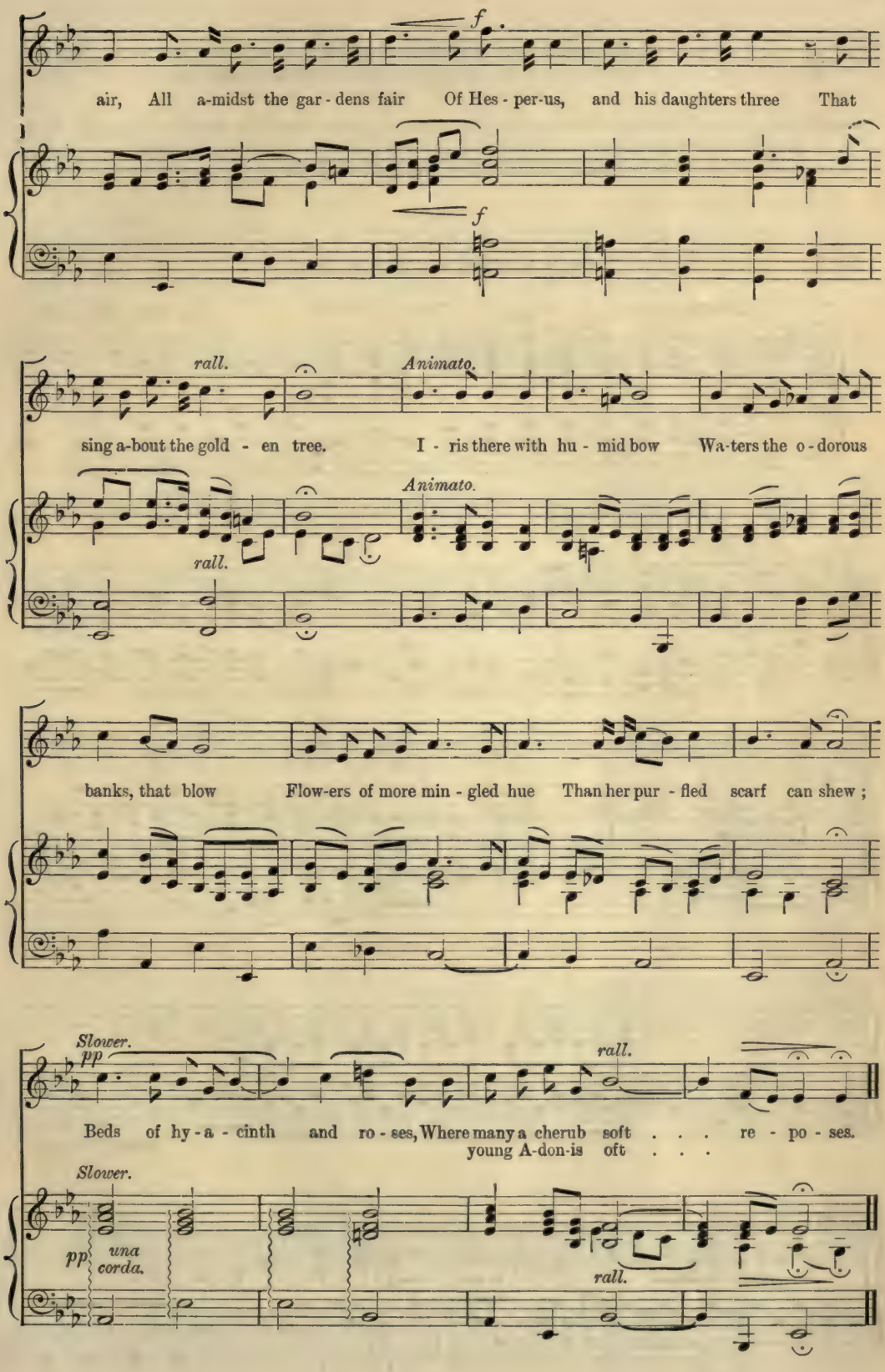
A Wild Wood.

The Attendant Spirit decends or enters and sings.

No. 2. SONG.—"FROM THE HEAVENS NOW I FLY."

THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT.

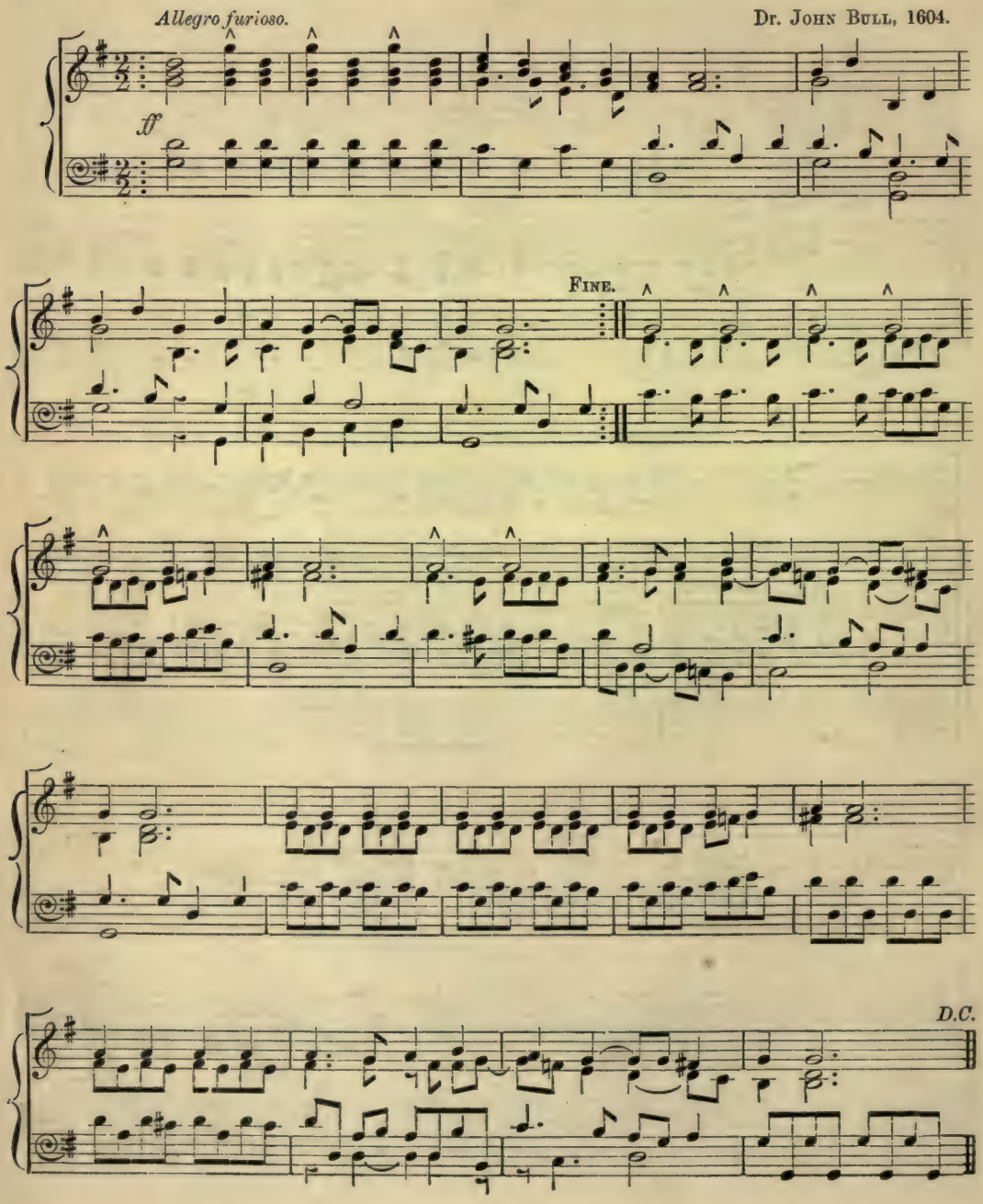
HENRY LAWES.

Moderato.
mf
From the Heav'ns . . now I fly, And those hap-py climes that lie Where day
To the o - - cean
Moderato.
p
f
rall.
a tempo.
nev - er shuts his eye, Up in the broad fields of the sky; There I suck the li - quid
f
rall.
a tempo.


f
air, All a-midst the gar - dens fair Of Hes - per-us, and his daughters three That
f
rall.
Animato.
sing a-bout the gold - en tree. I - ris there with hu - mid bow Wa-ters the o - dorous
Animato.
rall.
banks, that blow Flow-ers of more min - gled hue Than her pur - fled scarf can shew ;
Slower.
pp
rall.
Beds of hy - a - cinth and ro - ses, Where many a cherub soft . . . re - po - ses.
young A-don-is oft . . .
Slower.
pp
una
corda.
rall.

Spirit (Line 91). But I hear the tread
Of hateful steps; I must be viewless now.

COMUS *enters, with a charming-rod in one hand, his glass in the other; with him a rout of monsters, headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts, but otherwise like men and women, their apparel glistering; they come in making a riotous and unruly noise, with torches in their hands.*

No. 8. THE KING'S HUNTING JIGG.



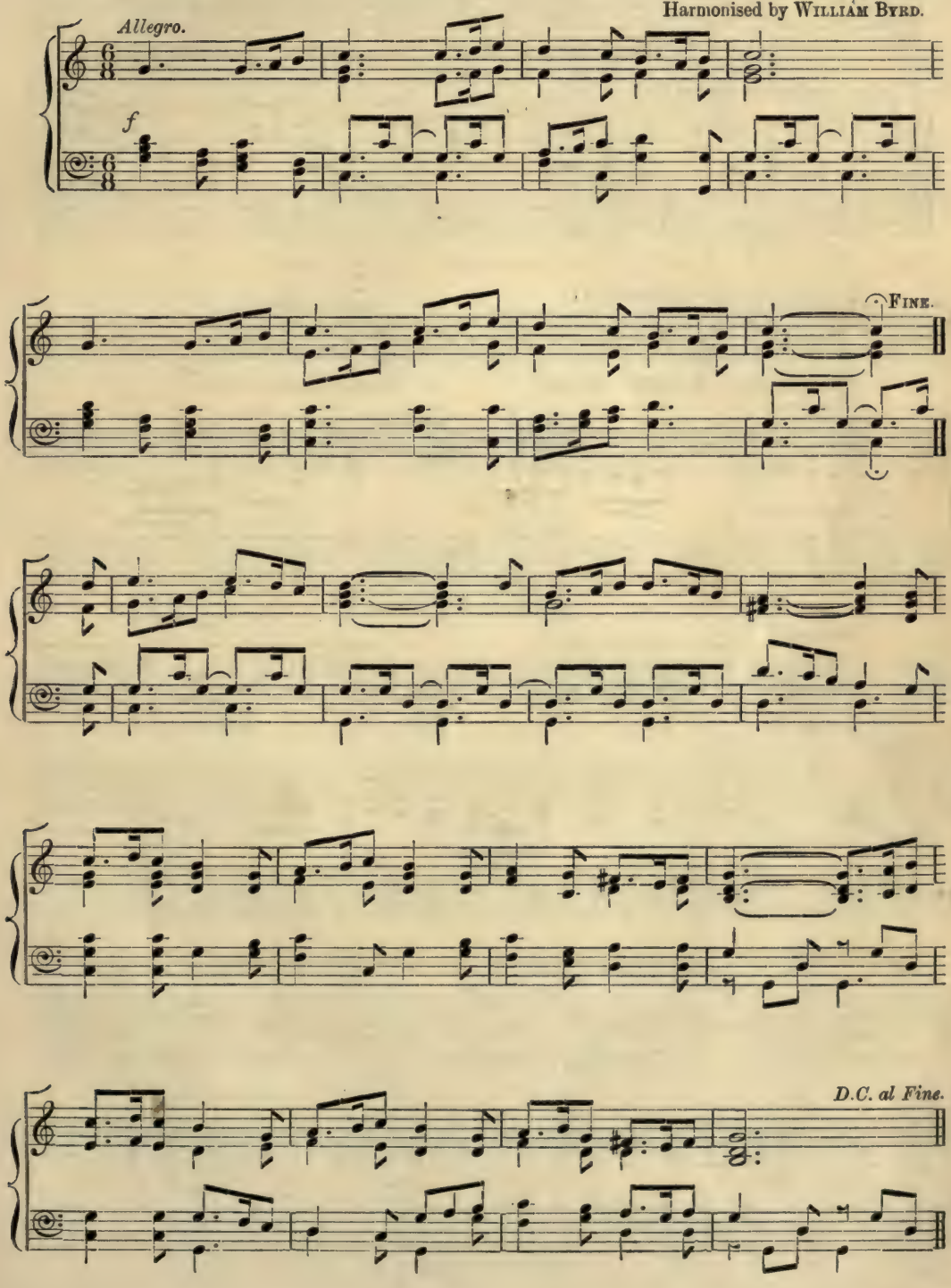
Comus (Line 143). Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
In a light fantastic round.

No. 4.

SELLINGER'S ROUND;

OR, "THE BEGINNING OF THE WORLD."

Harmonised by WILLIAM BYRD.

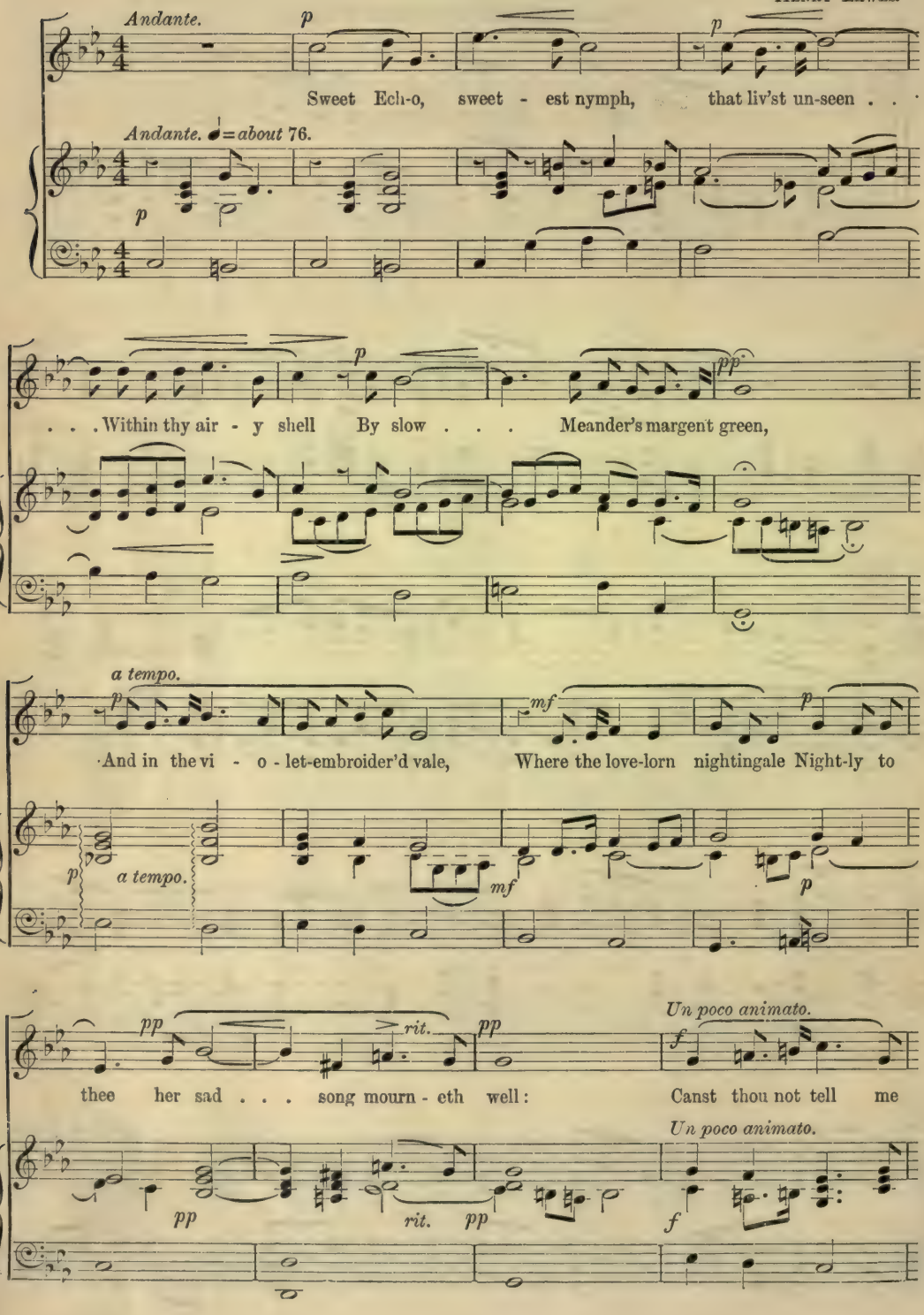


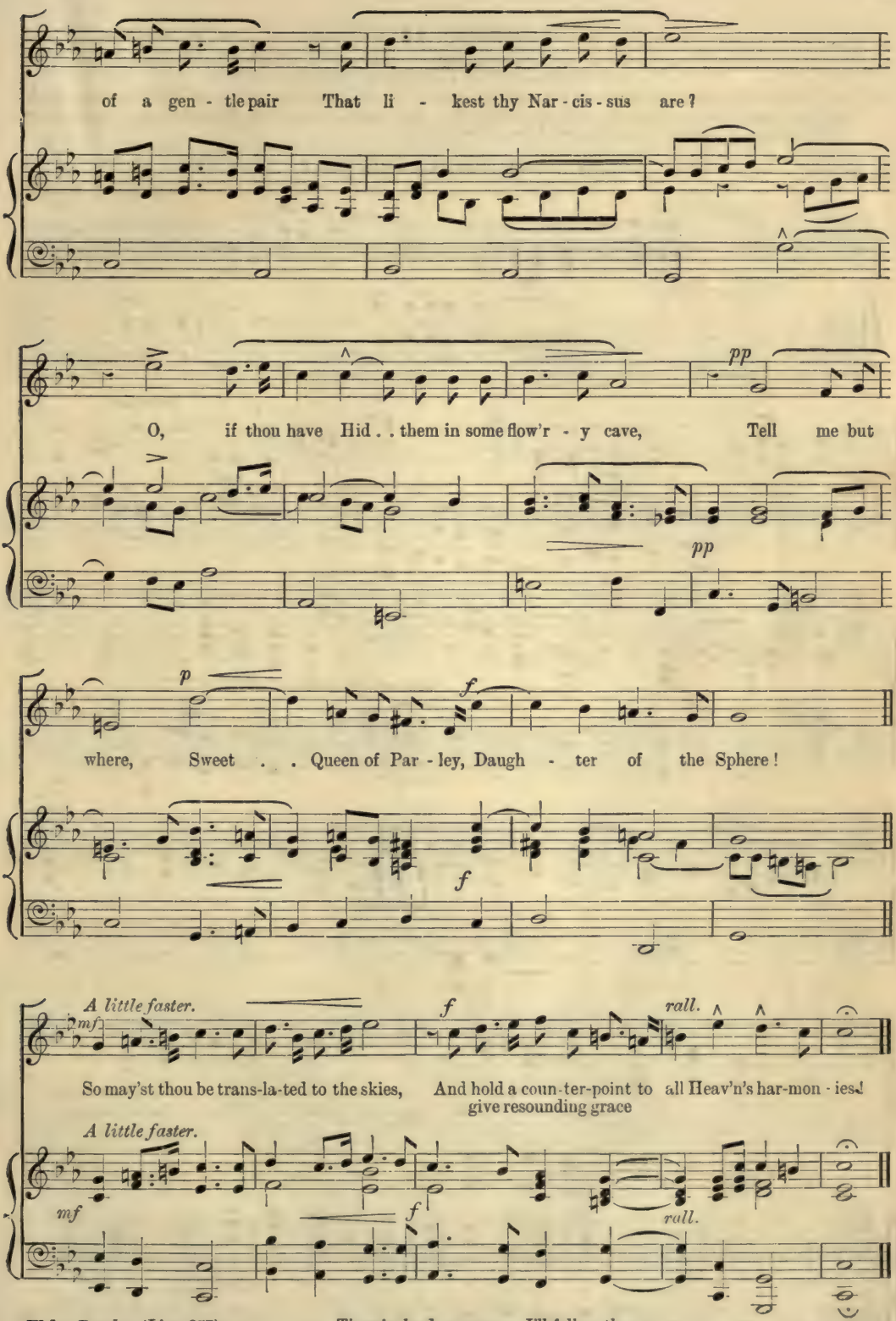
Lady (Line 228). I'll venture ; for my new-enlivened spirits
Prompt me, and they perhaps are not far off

No. 5. SONG.—"SWEET ECHO."

THE LADY.

HENRY LAWES.


Andante.
p
Sweet Ech-o, sweet - est nymph, that liv'st un-seen . . .
Andante. ♩ = about 76.
. . . Within thy air - y shell By slow . . . Meander's margent green,
a tempo.
And in the vi - o - let-embroider'd vale, Where the love-lorn nightingale Night-ly to
thee her sad . . . song mourn - eth well : Canst thou not tell me
Un poco animato.
rit.
pp
mf
f


of a gen - tle pair That li - kest thy Nar - cis - sus are?
O, if thou have Hid . . them in some flow'r - y cave, Tell me but
where, Sweet . . Queen of Par - ley, Daugh - ter of the Sphere!
A little faster.
So may'st thou be trans-la-ted to the skies, And hold a coun-ter-point to all Heav'n's har-mon - ies!
give resounding grace
A little faster.
rall.
rall.

Elder Brother (Line 657). . . . . Thyrsis, lead on apace; I'll follow thee;
And some good angel bear a shield before us!

END OF SCENE I.

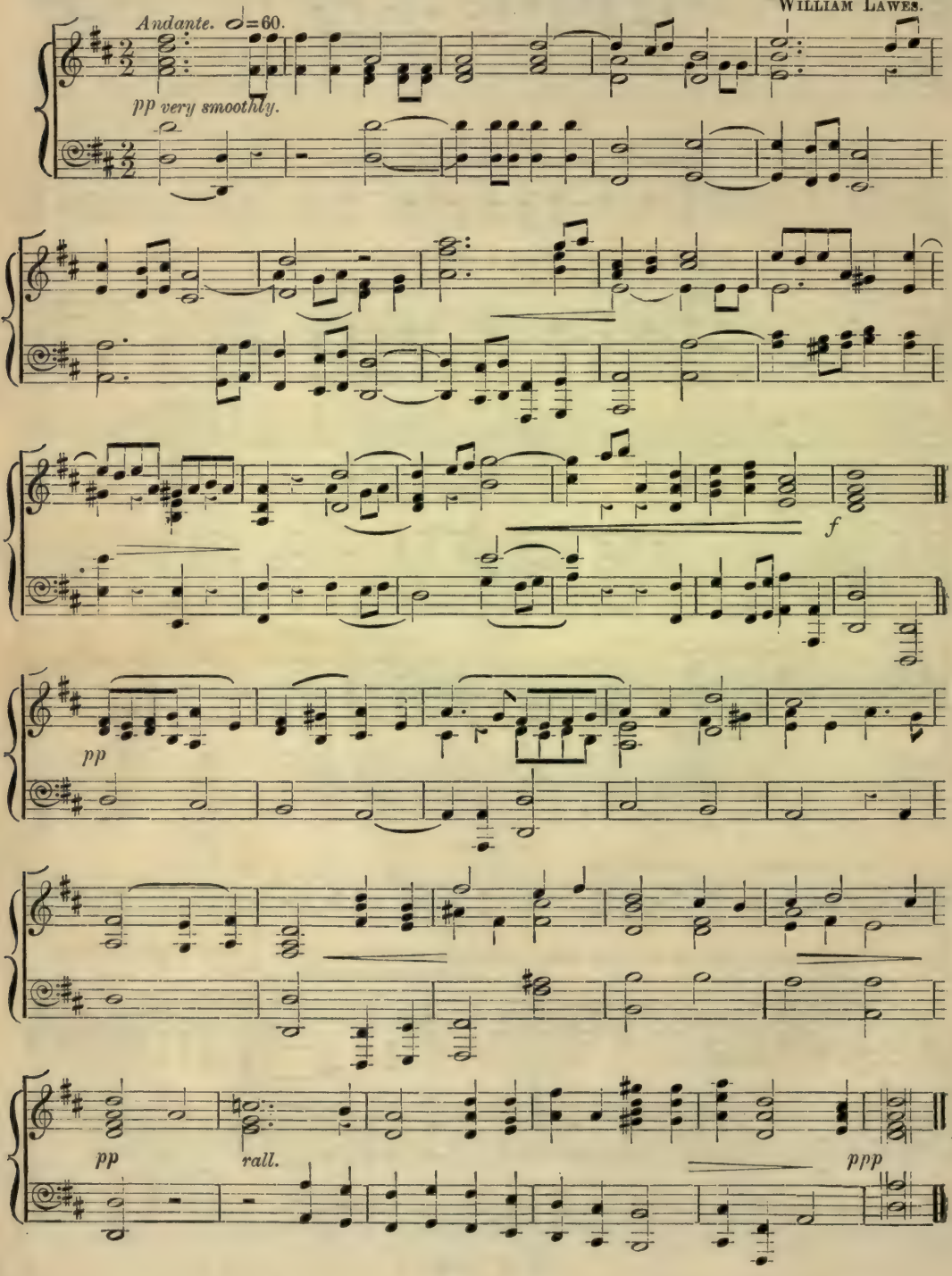
SCENE II.

(Line 659.)

The Scene changes to a stately palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness: soft music, tables spread with all dainties. COMUS *appears with his rabble, and* THE LADY *set in an enchanted chair; to whom he offers his glass, which she puts by, and goes about to rise.*

No. 6. FROM "THE ROYAL CONSORT."

WILLIAM LAWES.

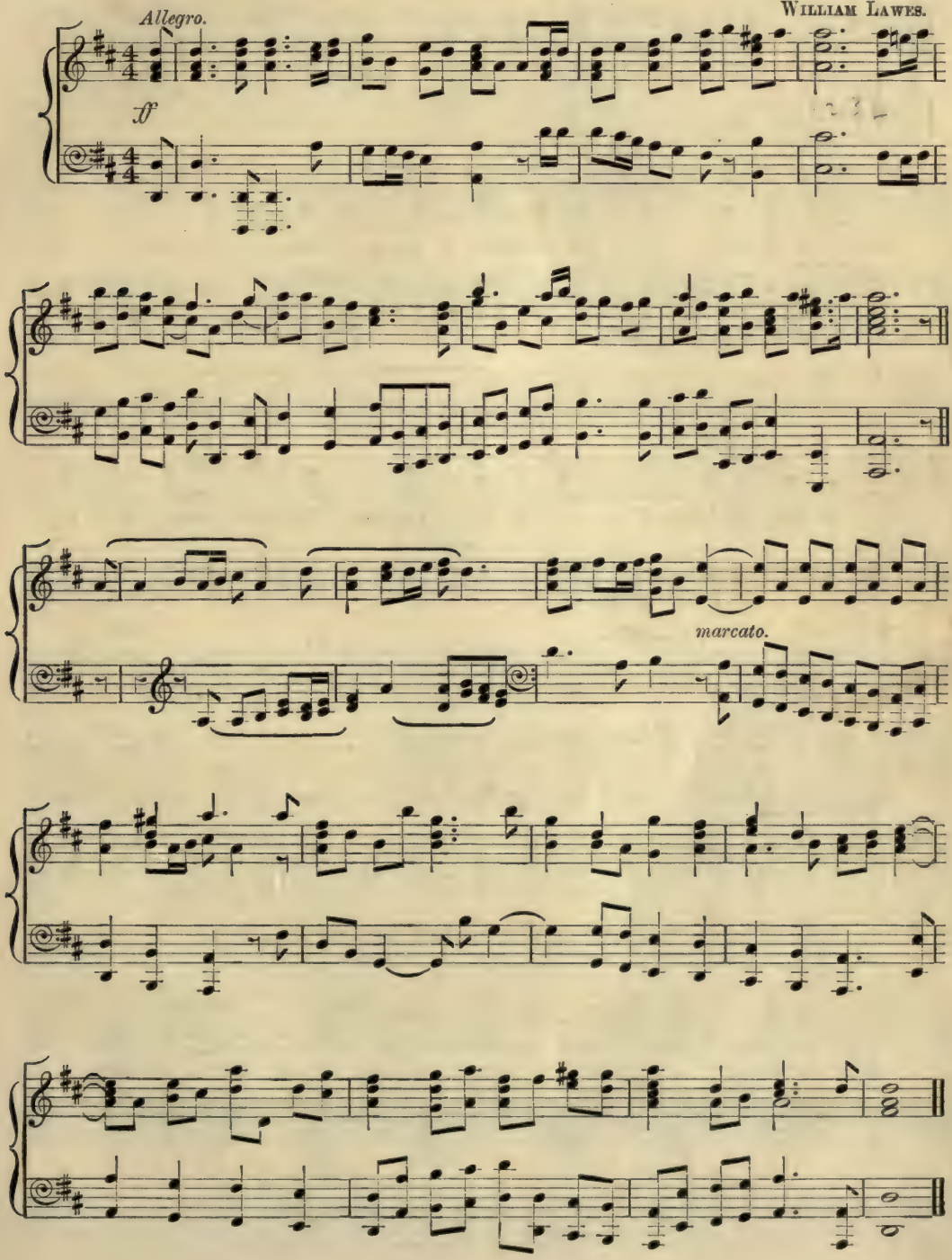


Lady (Line 811). . . . . one sip of this
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste . . . .

The BROTHERS *rush in with swords drawn, wrest his glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground: his rout makes sign of resistance, but are all driven in. The* ATTENDANT SPIRIT *comes in.*

No. 7. FROM "THE ROYAL CONSORT."

WILLIAM LAWES.

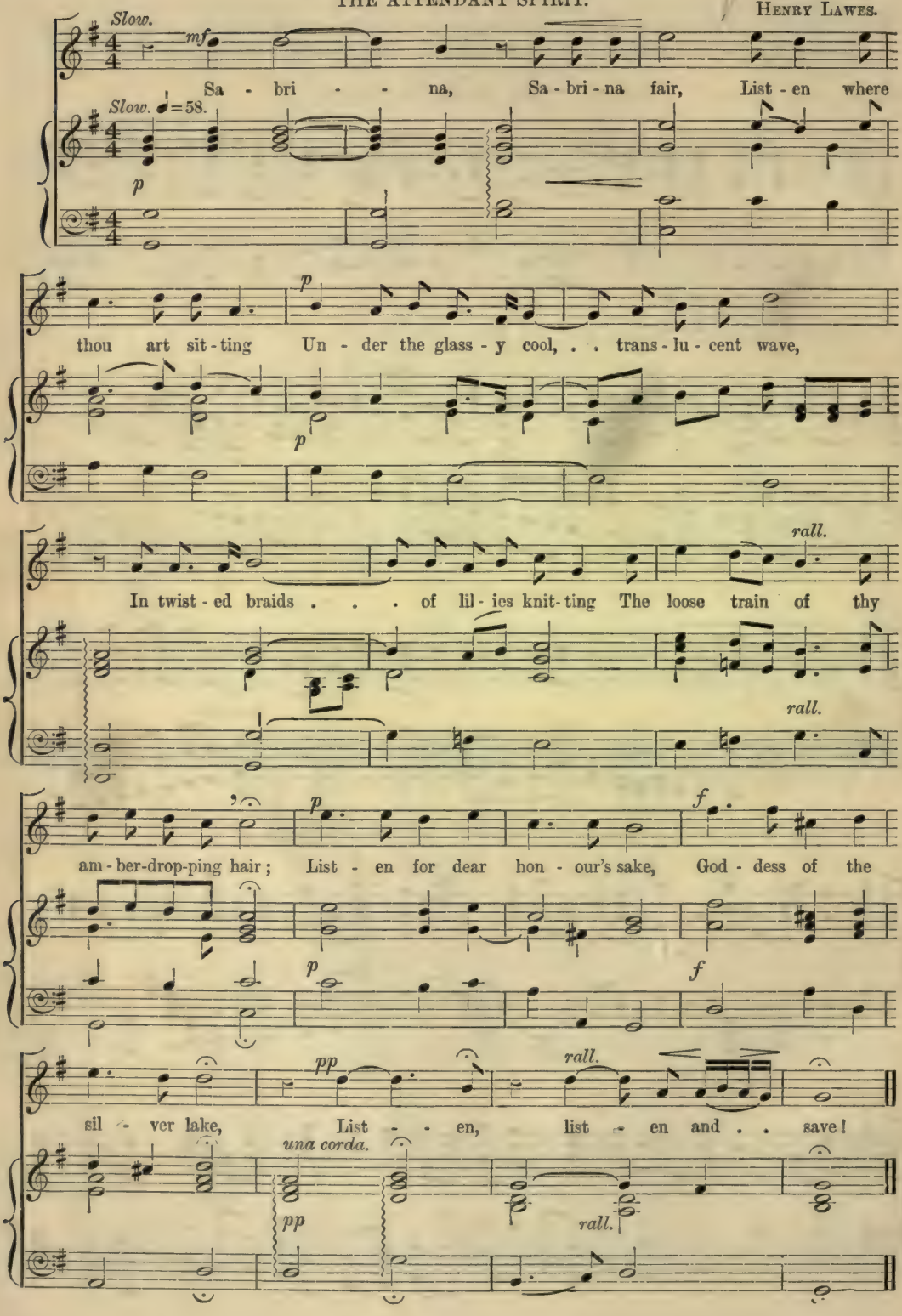


Spirit (Line 857). . . . . this will I try,
And add the power of some adjuring verse.

No. 8. SONG (AND CHORUS).—" SABRINA FAIR."

THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT.

HENRY LAWES.


Slow.
mf
Sa - bri - - na, Sa - bri - na fair, List - en where
Slow. ♩=58.
p
thou art sit - ting Un - der the glass - y cool, . . trans - lu - cent wave,
p
p
rall.
In twist - ed braids . . . of lil - ies knit - ting The loose train of thy
rall.
p
f
am - ber-drop - ping hair; List - en for dear hon - our's sake, God - dess of the
p
f
pp
rall.
sil - ver lake, List - - en, list - en and . . save!
una corda.
pp
rall.

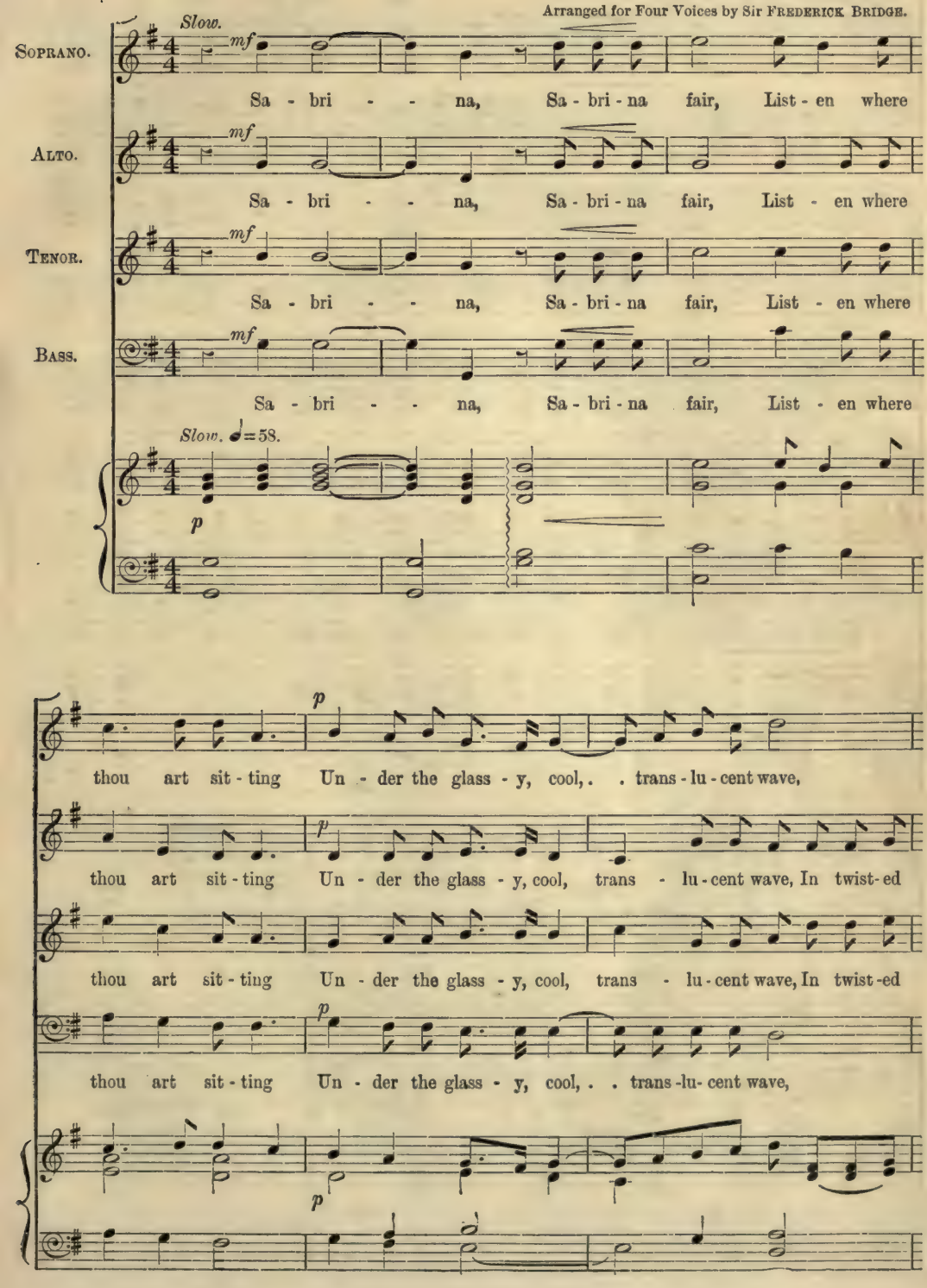
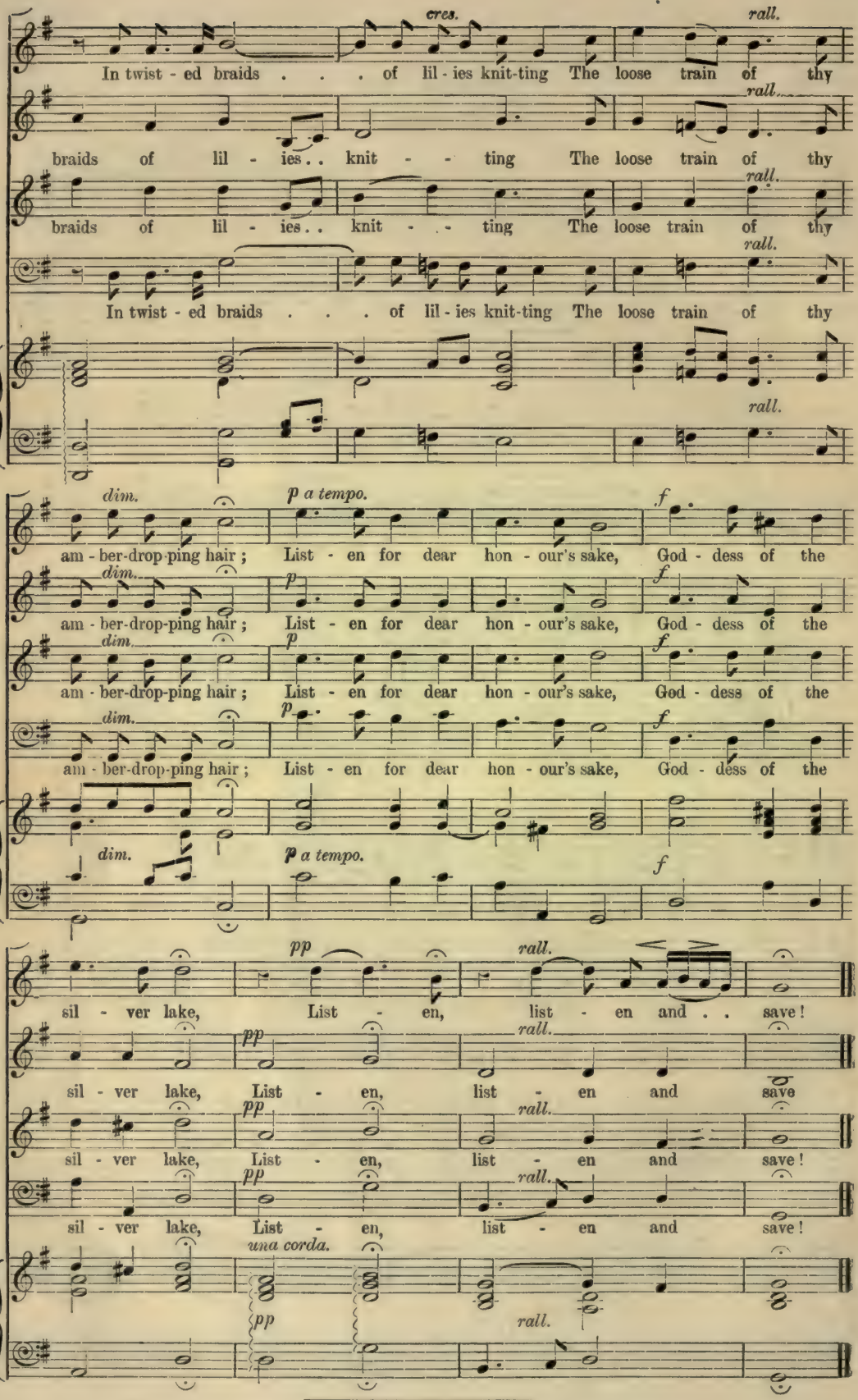
No. 8a.

"SABRINA FAIR."

(CHORUS.)

HENRY LAWES.

Arranged for Four Voices by Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE.


Slow.
mf
SOPRANO.
Sa - bri - - na, Sa - bri - na fair, List - en where
ALTO.
Sa - bri - - na, Sa - bri - na fair, List - en where
TENOR.
Sa - bri - - na, Sa - bri - na fair, List - en where
BASS.
Sa - bri - - na, Sa - bri - na fair, List - en where
Slow. ♩=58.
p
thou art sit - ting Un - der the glass - y, cool, . . trans - lu - cent wave,
thou art sit - ting Un - der the glass - y, cool, trans - lu - cent wave, In twist - ed
thou art sit - ting Un - der the glass - y, cool, trans - lu - cent wave, In twist - ed
thou art sit - ting Un - der the glass - y, cool, . . trans - lu - cent wave,

cres.
rall.
In twist - ed braids . . . of lil - ies knit-ting The loose train of thy
braids of lil - ies . . knit - - ting The loose train of thy
braids of lil - ies . . knit - - ting The loose train of thy
In twist - ed braids . . . of lil - ies knit-ting The loose train of thy
dim.
p a tempo.
f
am - ber-drop-ping hair ; List - en for dear hon - our's sake, God - dess of the
pp
sil - ver lake, List - en, list - en and . . save !
sil - ver lake, List - en, list - en and save
sil - ver lake, List - en, list - en and save !
sil - ver lake, List - en, list - en and save !
una corda.

For an arrangement of this Chorus for female voices (S.S.A.), see Appendix. *p.* 57.

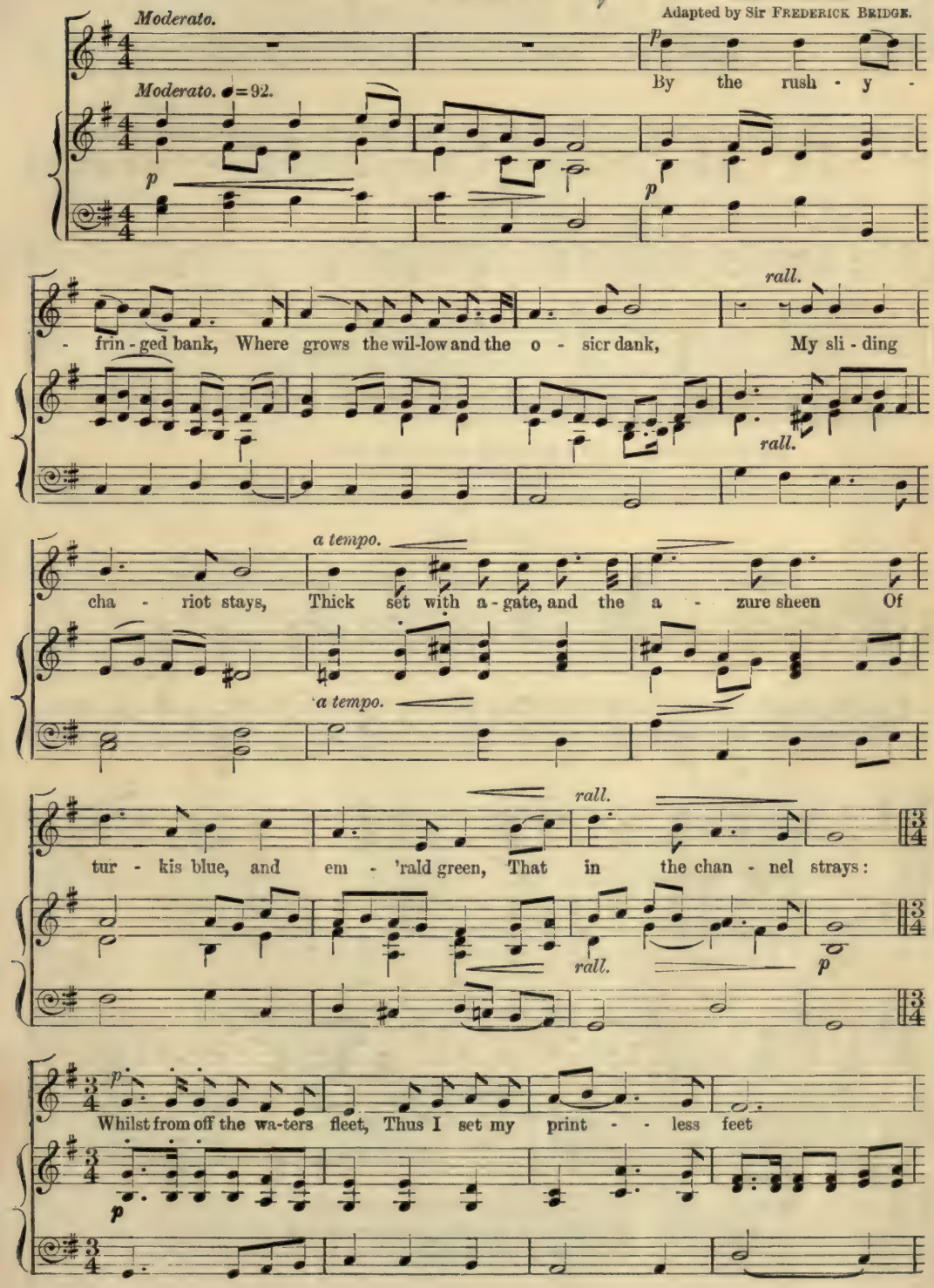
Spirit (Line 887). And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answered have.
Listen and save!

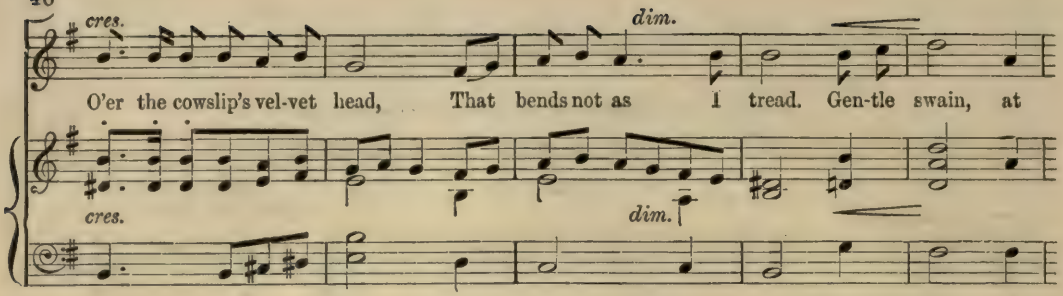
SABRINA *rises, attended by Water-nymphs, and sings.*

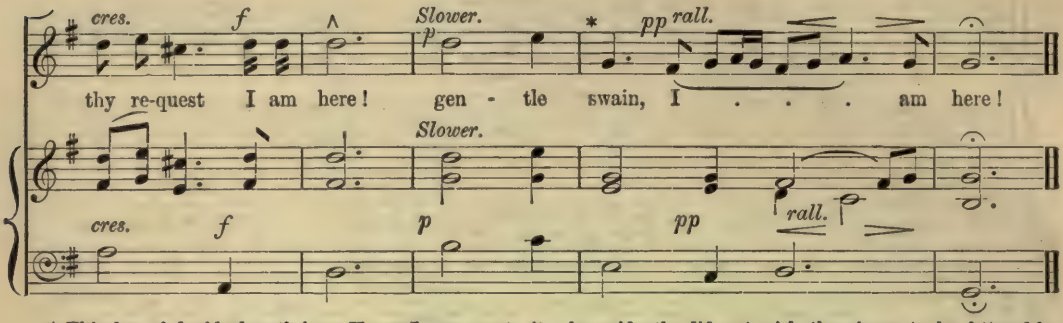
No. 9. SONG.—"BY THE RUSHY-FRINGED BANK."

SABRINA.

HENRY LAWES.
Adapted by Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE.


Moderato.
Moderato. ♩=92.
p
By the rush - y -
- frin - ged bank, Where grows the wil-low and the o - sier dank,
rall.
My sli - ding
a tempo.
cha - riot stays, Thick set with a - gate, and the a - zure sheen Of
tur - kis blue, and em - 'rald green, That in the chan - nel strays:
Whilst from off the wa-ters fleet, Thus I set my print - - less feet





* This bar of double length is as Henry Lawes wrote it: he evidently did not wish the singer to be fettered by rhythmic considerations in the cadence of this beautiful song.—J. F. B.

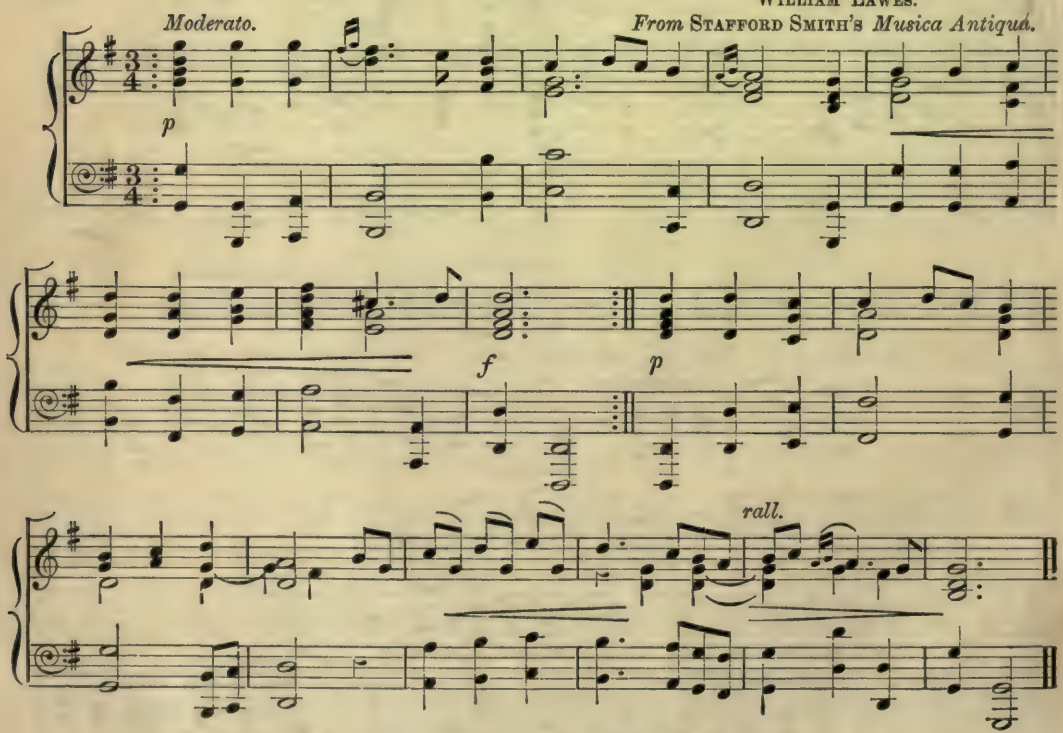
Sabrina (Line 920). And I must haste ere morning hour
To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

SABRINA *descends, and* THE LADY *rises out of her seat.*

No. 10. SARABAND.

WILLIAM LAWES.

From STAFFORD SMITH'S *Musica Antiqua.*



Spirit (Line 956). Come, let us haste; the stars grow high,
But Night sits monarch yet in the mid sky.

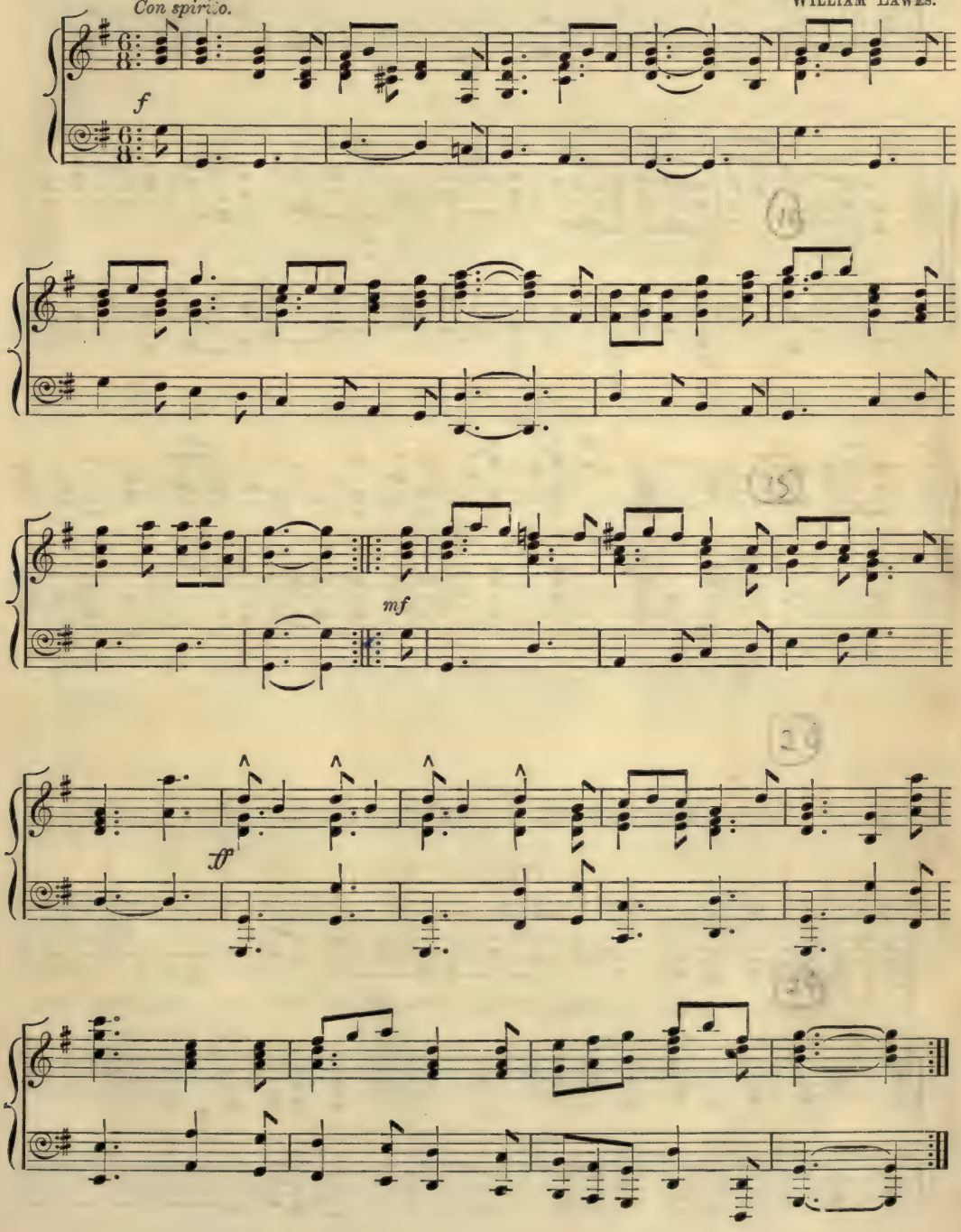
END OF SCENE II.

SCENE III.

The Scene changes (Line 958), *presenting Ludlow Town and the President's Castle: then come in Country Dancers; after them the* ATTENDANT SPIRIT, *with the two* BROTHERS *and* THE LADY.

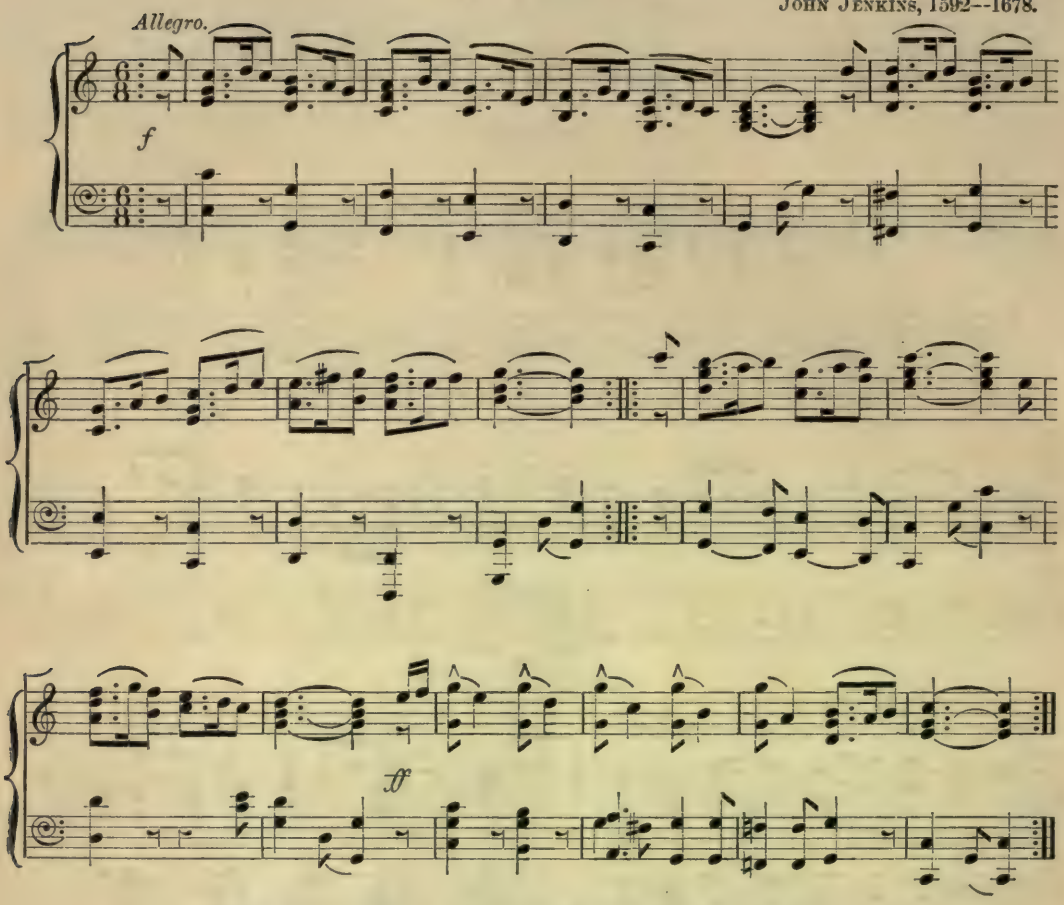
No. 11 (*a*) JIGG.

WILLIAM LAWES.



(*b*) THE MITTER RANT.

JOHN JENKINS, 1592--1678.

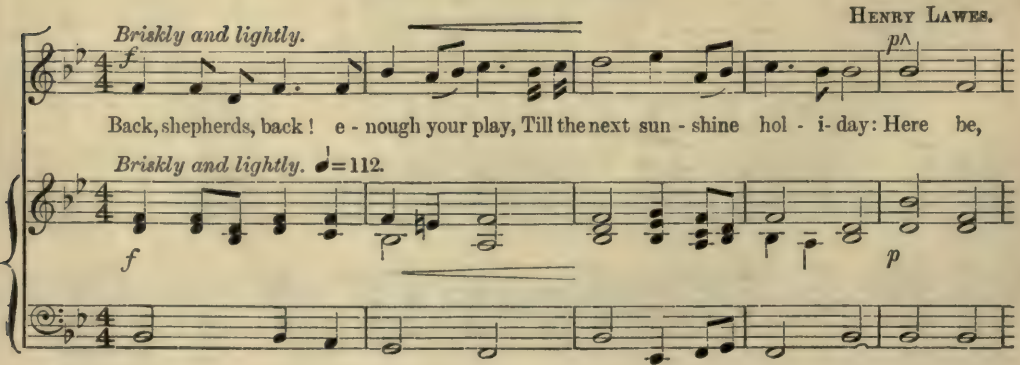


If this movement is used, a return must be made to the Jigg (No. 11*a*).

No. 12. SONG.—"BACK, SHEPHERDS, BACK!"

THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT.

HENRY LAWES.


Briskly and lightly.
f
p
Back, shepherds, back! e - nough your play, Till the next sun - shine hol - i- day: Here be,
Briskly and lightly. ♩=112.
f
p

with-out duck or nod, O-ther trippings to be trod Of lighter toes, and such court guise As

f *rall.*

Mer-cu-ry did first de - vise With the mincing Dry - a-des On the lawns and on the leas.

f *rall.*

Enter the Earl and Countess of Bridgewater and their train while the following stately March is being played.

No. 13.

MARCH.

"LORD ZOUCHE'S MASKE."

GILES FARNABY, *b.* 1560.

In a stately manner.

f

FINE.

mf *cres.*

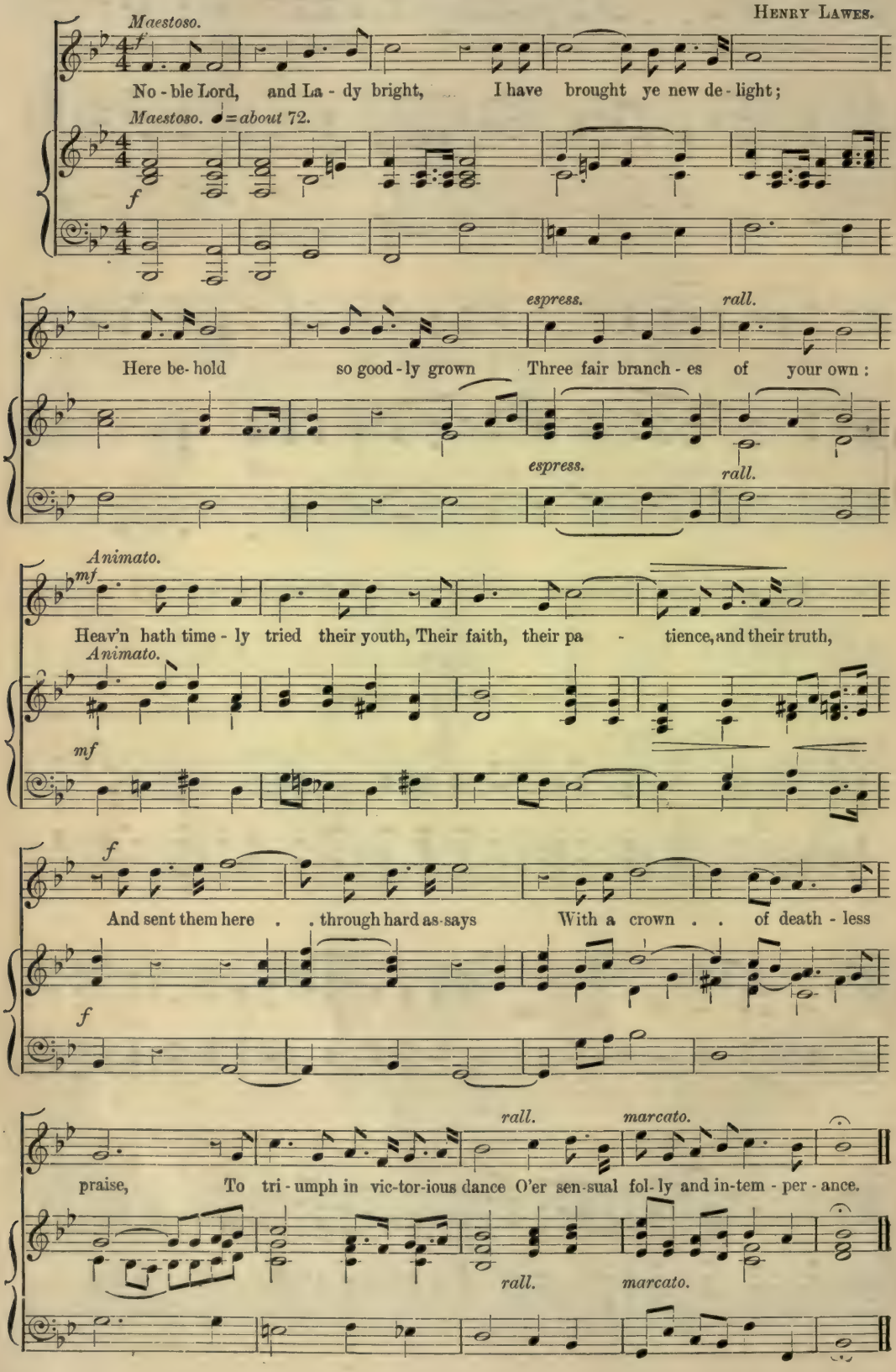
D.C. al fine.

f

No. 14. Song (and Chorus).—"NOBLE LORD, AND LADY BRIGHT."

THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT.

Henry Lawes.


Maestoso.
No - ble Lord, and La - dy bright, I have brought ye new de - light;
Maestoso. ♩ = about 72.
espress.
rall.
Here be- hold so good - ly grown Three fair branch - es of your own:
espress.
rall.
Animato.
Heav'n hath time - ly tried their youth, Their faith, their pa - tience, and their truth,
Animato.
And sent them here . . through hard as-says With a crown . . of death - less
rall.
marcato.
praise, To tri - umph in vic-tor-ious dance O'er sen-sual fol - ly and in-tem - per - ance.
rall.
marcato.

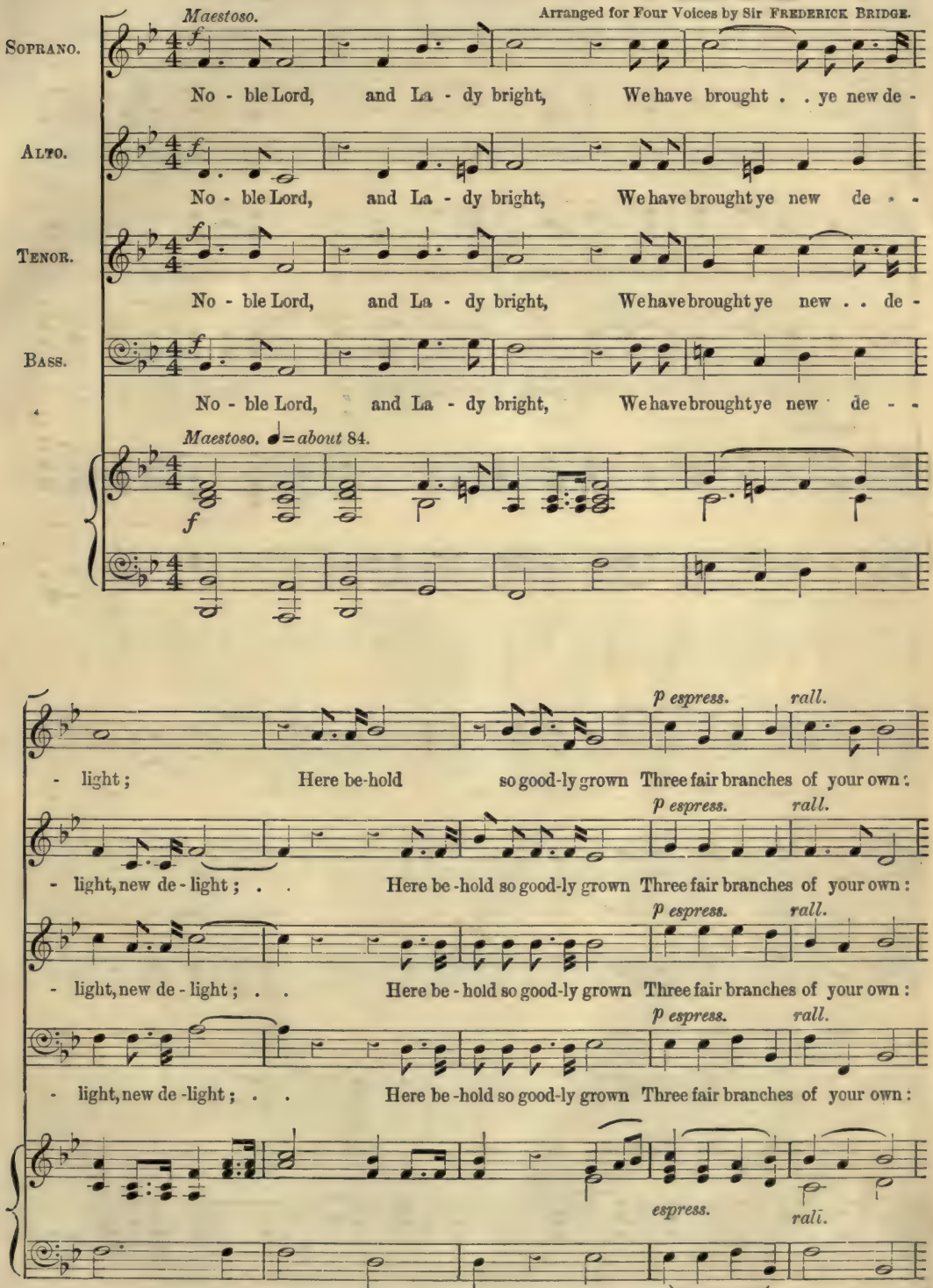
No. 14a.

"NOBLE LORD, AND LADY BRIGHT."

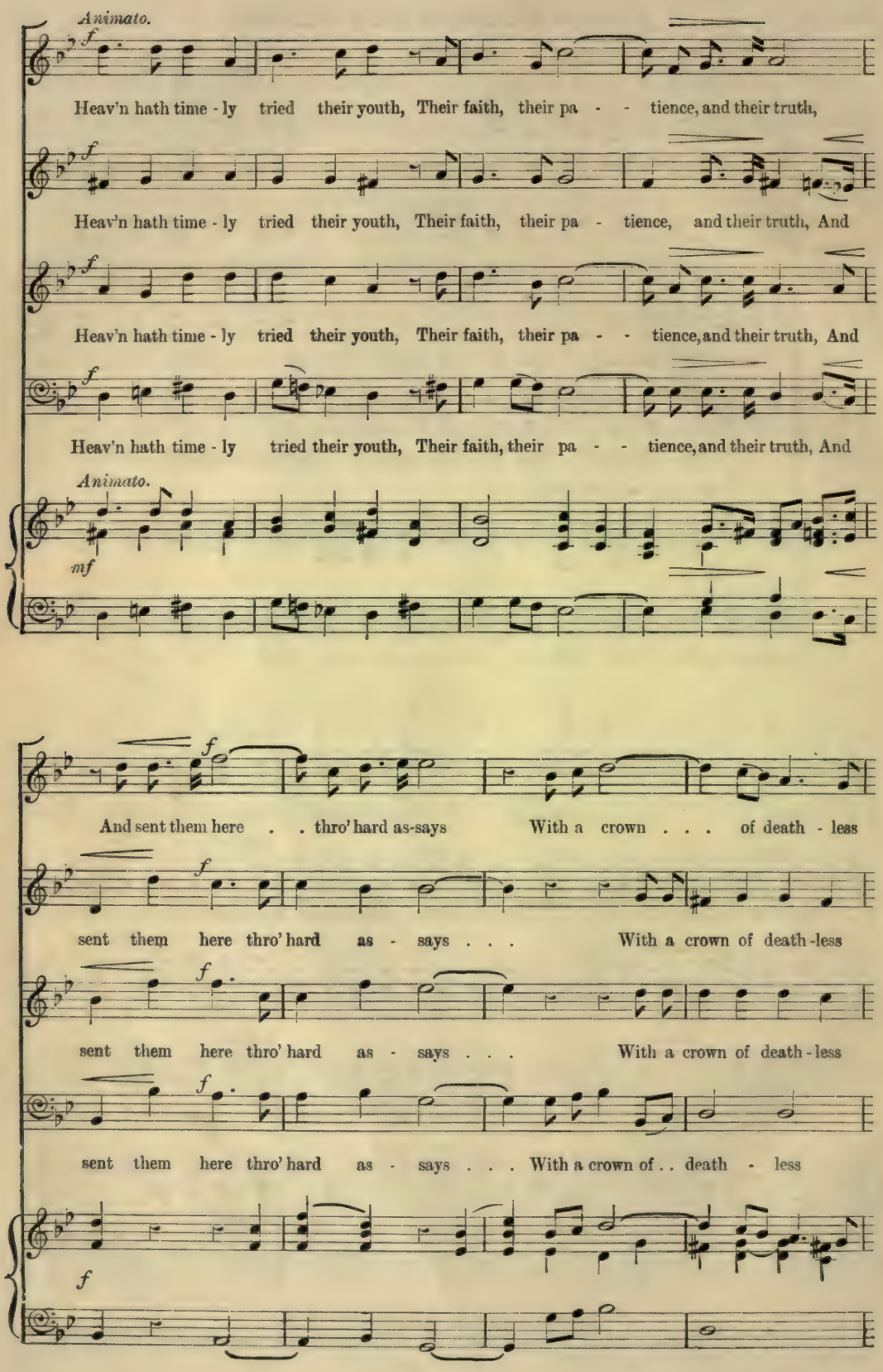
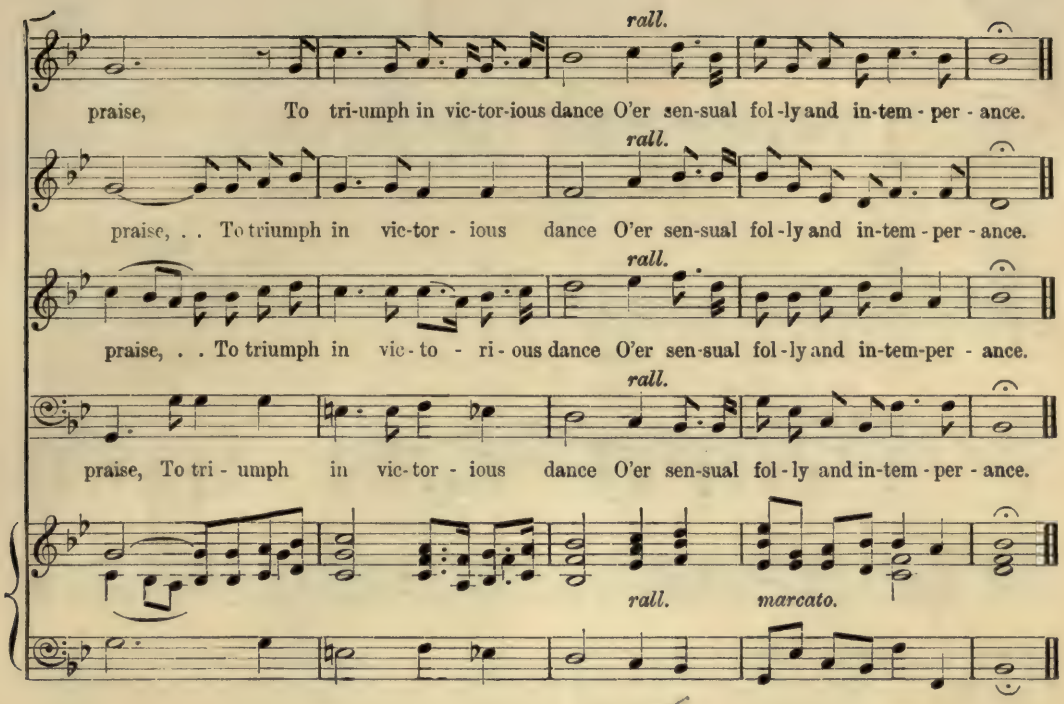
(CHORUS.)

HENRY LAWES.

Arranged for Four Voices by Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE.

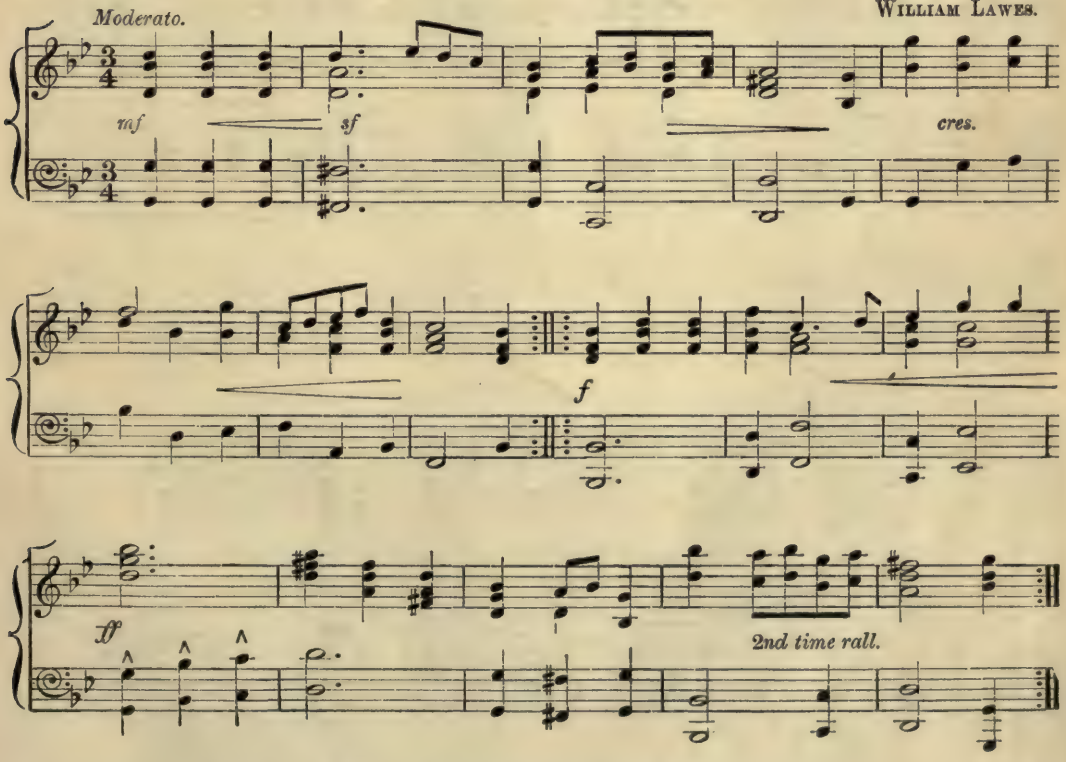

Maestoso.
SOPRANO.
No - ble Lord, and La - dy bright, We have brought . . ye new de -
ALTO.
No - ble Lord, and La - dy bright, We have brought ye new de - -
TENOR.
No - ble Lord, and La - dy bright, We have brought ye new . . de -
BASS.
No - ble Lord, and La - dy bright, We have brought ye new de - -
Maestoso. ♩= about 84.
p espress.
rall.
- light; Here be-hold so good-ly grown Three fair branches of your own:
- light, new de - light; . . Here be-hold so good-ly grown Three fair branches of your own:
- light, new de - light; . . Here be - hold so good-ly grown Three fair branches of your own:
- light, new de - light; . . Here be - hold so good-ly grown Three fair branches of your own:
espress.
rall.

For an arrangement of this Chorus for female voices (S.S.A.), see Appendix, *p.* 59.


Animato.
f
Heav'n hath time - ly tried their youth, Their faith, their pa - - tience, and their truth,
Heav'n hath time - ly tried their youth, Their faith, their pa - tience, and their truth, And
Heav'n hath time - ly tried their youth, Their faith, their pa - - tience, and their truth, And
Heav'n hath time - ly tried their youth, Their faith, their pa - - tience, and their truth, And
Animato.
mf
And sent them here . . thro' hard as-says With a crown . . . of death - less
sent them here thro' hard as - says . . . With a crown of death - less
sent them here thro' hard as - says . . . With a crown of death - less
sent them here thro' hard as - says . . . With a crown of . . death - less
f

rall.
praise, To tri-umph in vic-tor-ious dance O'er sen-sual fol-ly and in-tem-per-ance.
rall.
praise, . . To triumph in vic-tor-ious dance O'er sen-sual fol-ly and in-tem-per-ance.
rall.
praise, . . To triumph in vic-to-ri-ous dance O'er sen-sual fol-ly and in-tem-per-ance.
rall.
praise, To tri-umph in vic-tor-ious dance O'er sen-sual fol-ly and in-tem-per-ance.
rall. marcato.

No. 15. SARABAND.

WILLIAM LAWES.

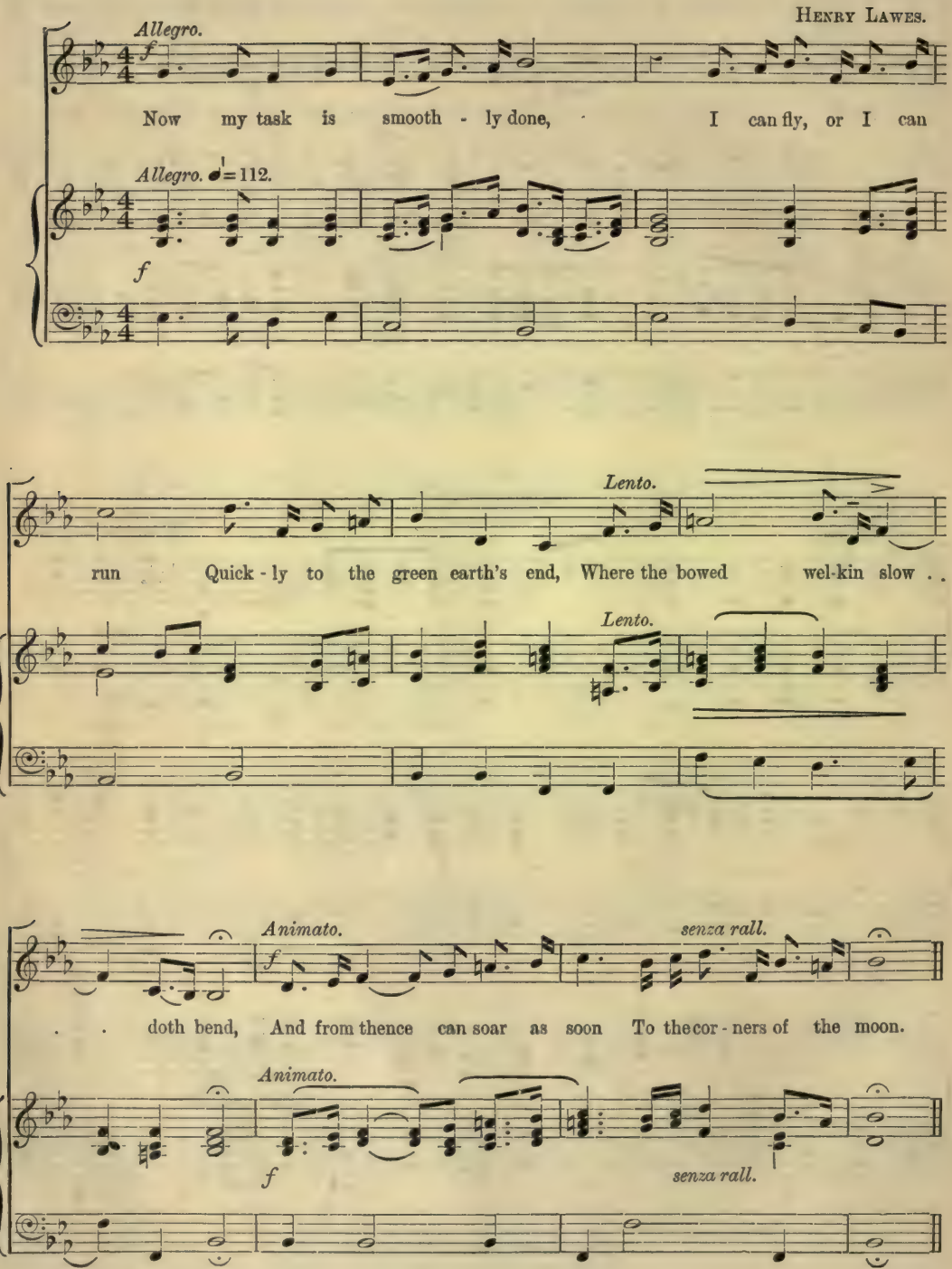


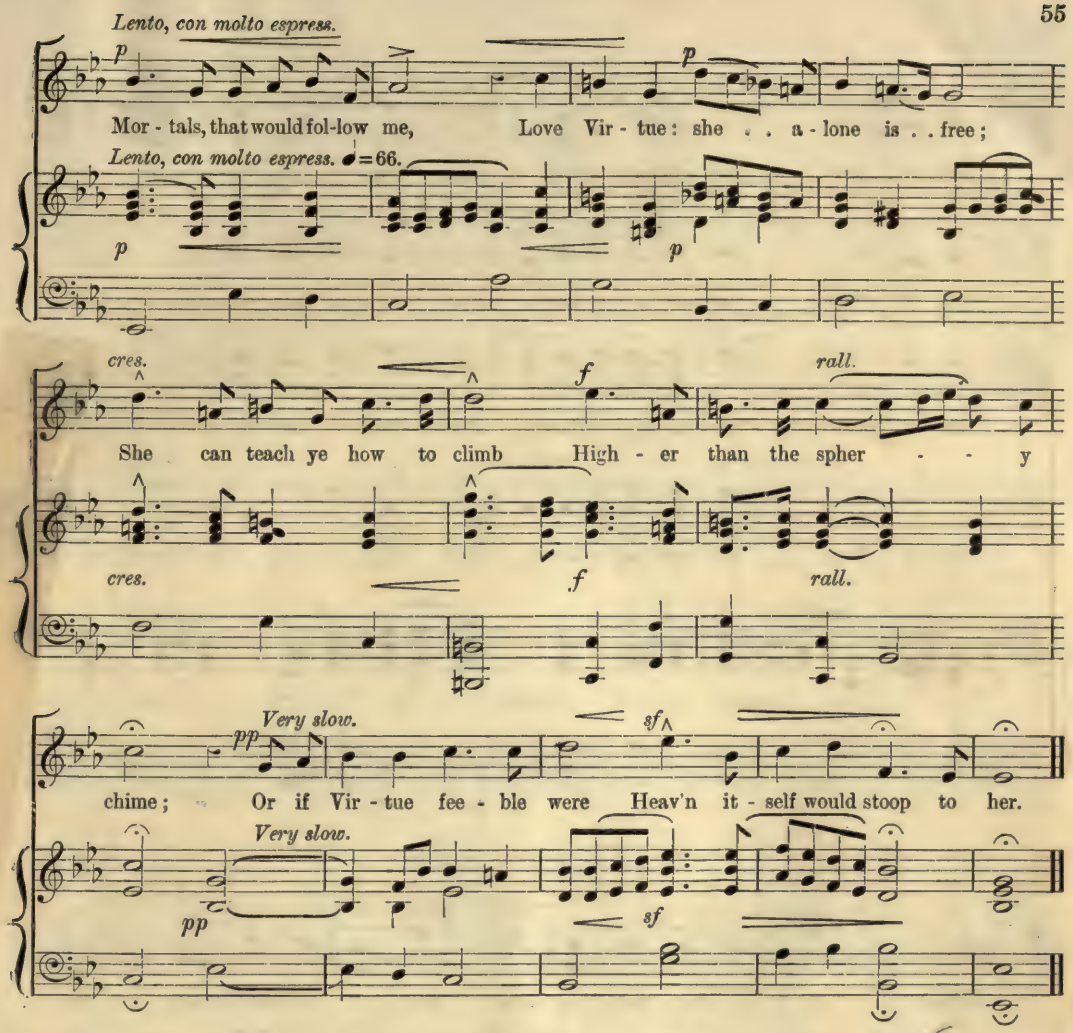
Spirit (Line 1009). And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy ; so Jove hath sworn.

No. 16. SONG.—"NOW MY TASK IS SMOOTHLY DONE."

THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT.

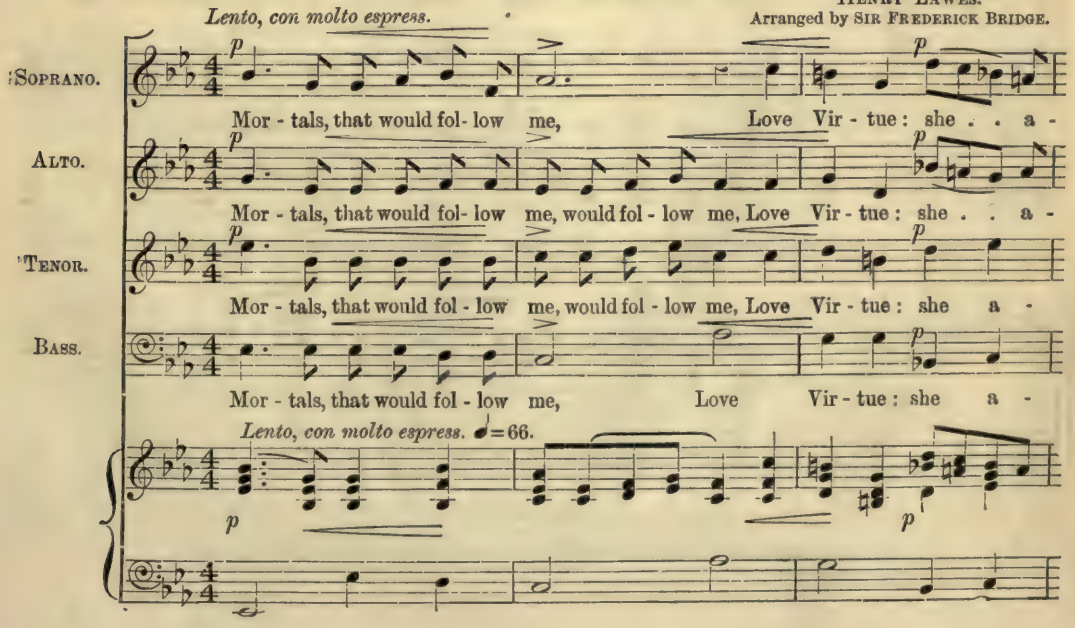
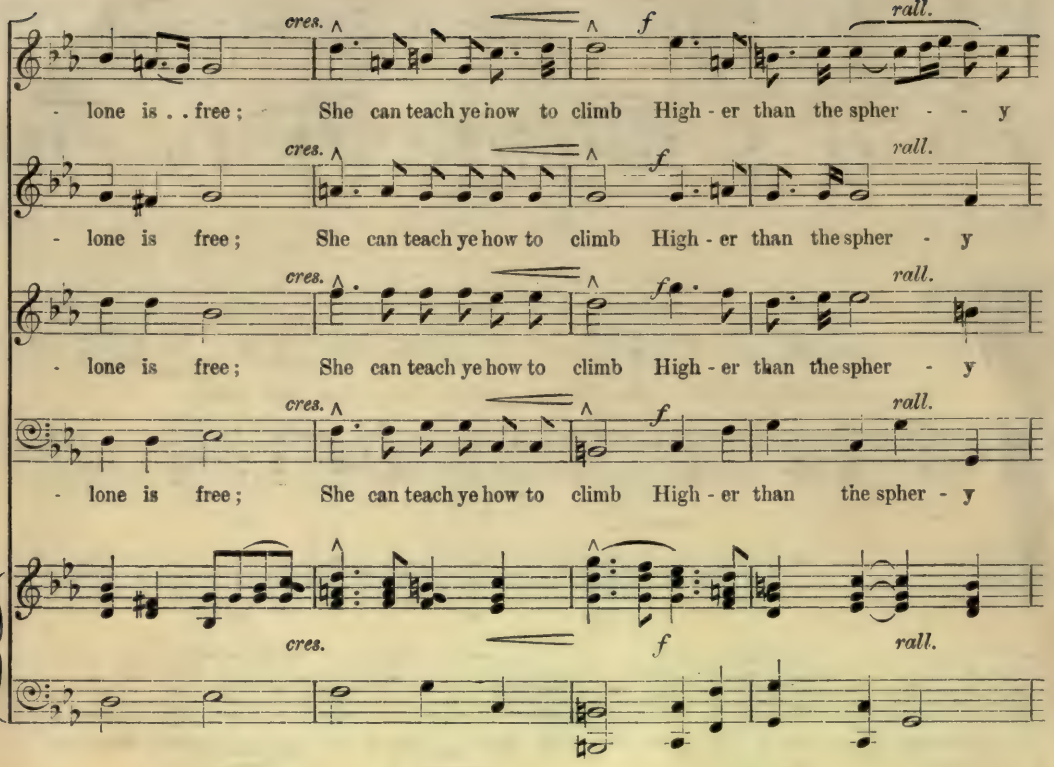
HENRY LAWES.

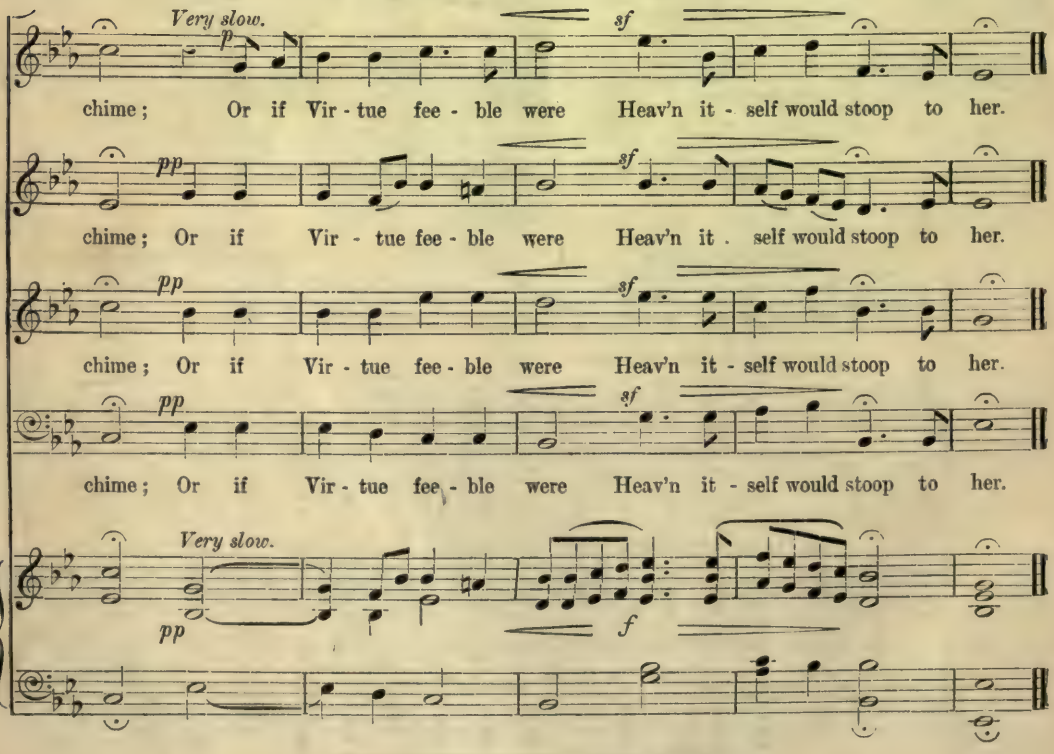

Allegro.
f
Now my task is smooth - ly done, I can fly, or I can
Allegro. ♩= 112.
f
Lento.
run Quick - ly to the green earth's end, Where the bowed wel-kin slow . .
Lento.
Animato.
f
senza rall.
. . doth bend, And from thence can soar as soon To the cor - ners of the moon.
Animato.
f
senza rall.


Lento, con molto espress.
Mor - tals, that would fol-low me, Love Vir - tue: she . . a - lone is . . free;
Lento, con molto espress. ♩=66.
cres.
She can teach ye how to climb High - er than the spher - - - y
rall.
Very slow.
chime; Or if Vir - tue fee - ble were Heav'n it - self would stoop to her.

No. 16a. "MORTALS, THAT WOULD FOLLOW ME."

(CHORUS.)

HENRY LAWES.
Arranged by SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE.

Lento, con molto espress.
SOPRANO.
Mor - tals, that would fol- low me, Love Vir - tue: she . . a -
ALTO.
Mor - tals, that would fol- low me, would fol - low me, Love Vir - tue: she . . a -
TENOR.
Mor - tals, that would fol - low me, would fol - low me, Love Vir - tue: she a -
BASS.
Mor - tals, that would fol - low me, Love Vir - tue: she a -
Lento, con molto espress. ♩=66.

cres.
f
rall.
- lone is . . free ; She can teach ye how to climb High - er than the spher - - y
- lone is free ; She can teach ye how to climb High - er than the spher - y
- lone is free ; She can teach ye how to climb High - er than the spher - y
- lone is free ; She can teach ye how to climb High - er than the spher - y


Very slow.
p
sf
chime ; Or if Vir - tue fee - ble were Heav'n it - self would stoop to her.
pp
chime ; Or if Vir - tue fee - ble were Heav'n it . self would stoop to her.
chime ; Or if Vir - tue fee - ble were Heav'n it - self would stoop to her.
chime ; Or if Vir - tue fee - ble were Heav'n it - self would stoop to her.
Very slow.
pp
f

For an arrangement of this Chorus for female voices (S.S.A.) see Appendix, *p.* 61.

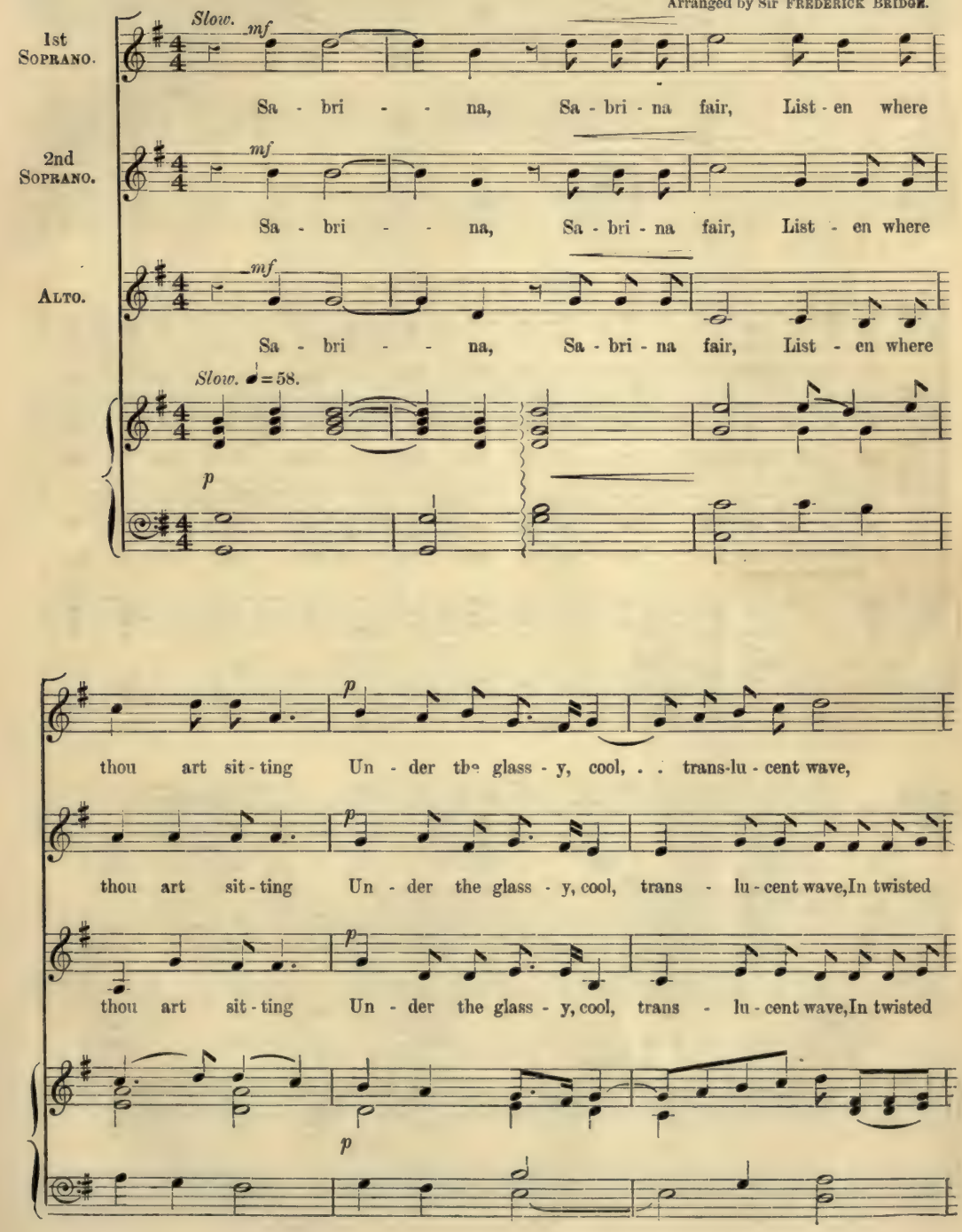
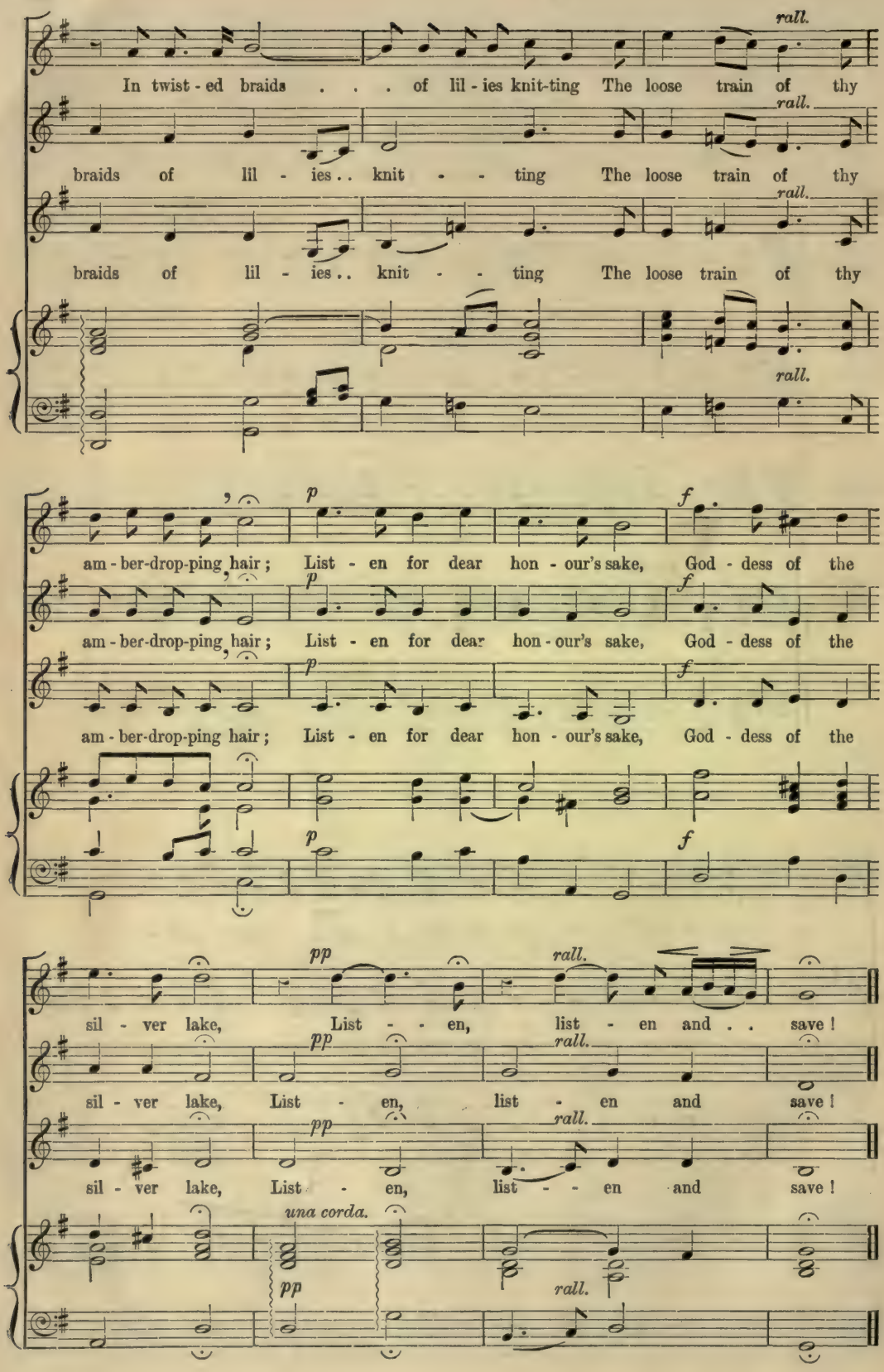
APPENDIX.

No. 86.

"SABRINA FAIR."

(FOR FEMALE VOICES.)

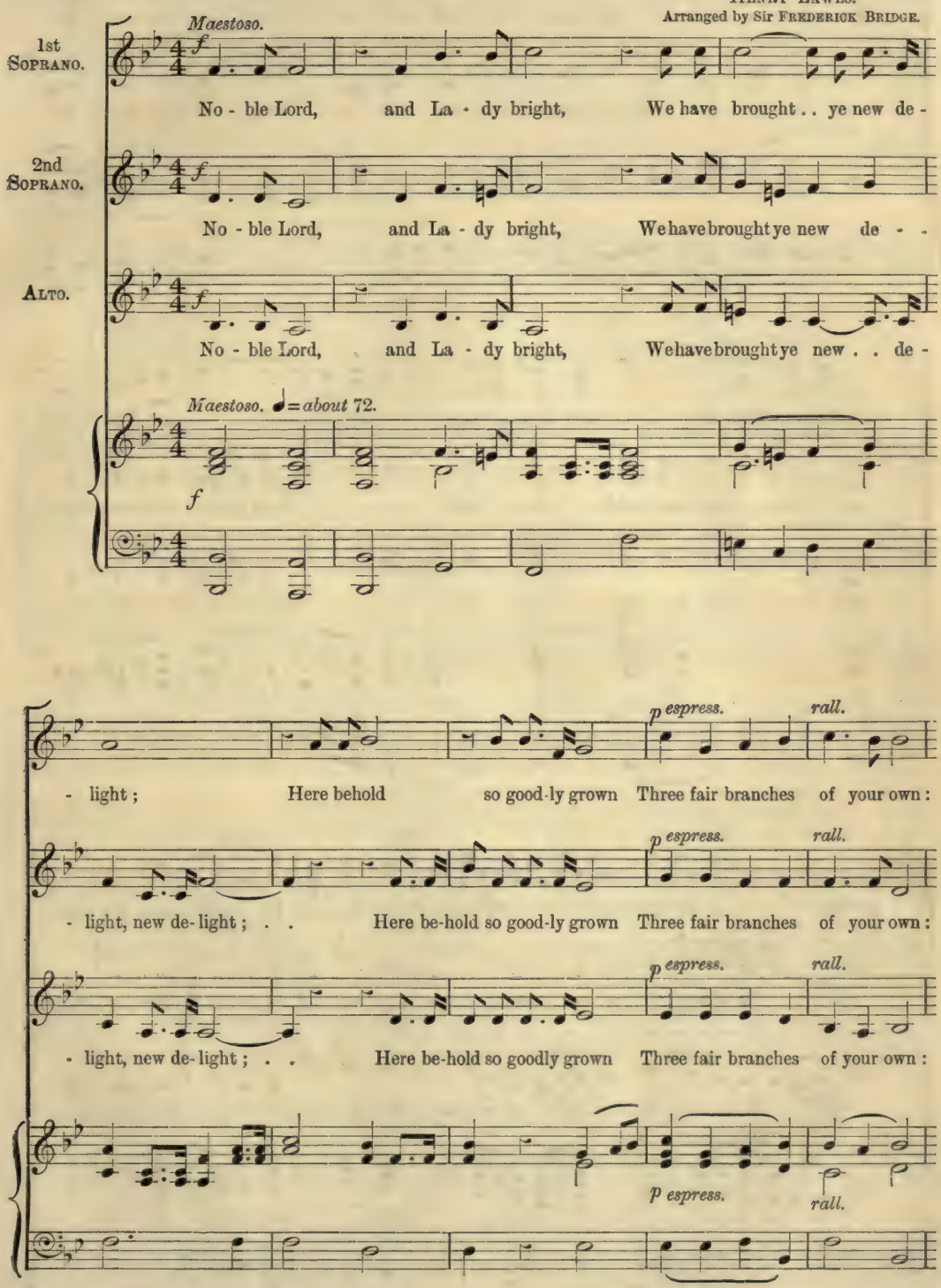
HENRY LAWES.
Arranged by Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE.

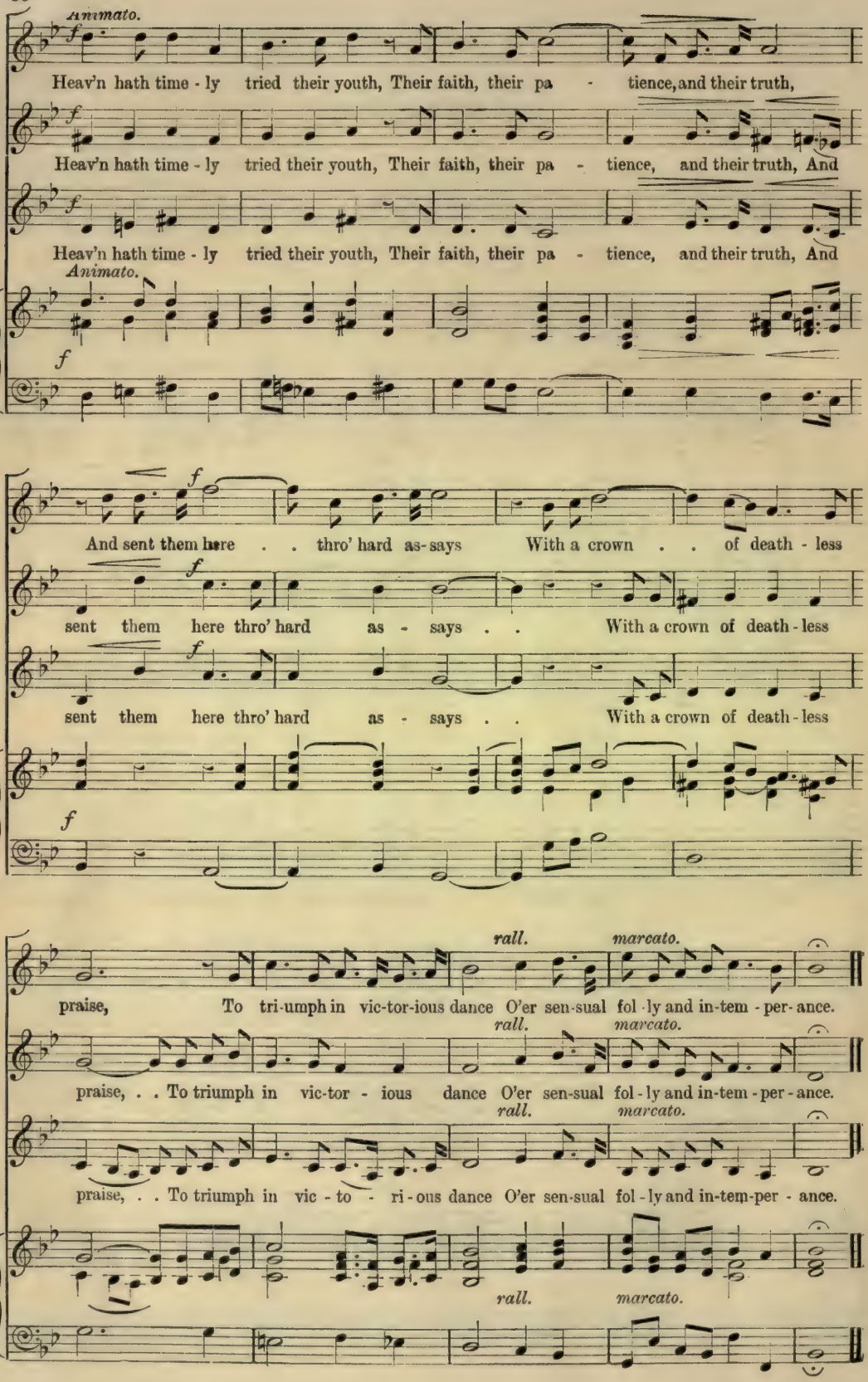

1st Soprano.
2nd Soprano.
Alto.
Slow.
mf
Sa - bri - - na, Sa - bri - na fair, List - en where
Slow. ♩=58.
p
thou art sit - ting Un - der the glass - y, cool, . . trans-lu - cent wave,
thou art sit - ting Un - der the glass - y, cool, trans - lu - cent wave, In twisted
thou art sit - ting Un - der the glass - y, cool, trans - lu - cent wave, In twisted

rall.
In twist - ed braids . . . of lil - ies knit-ting The loose train of thy
braids of lil - ies . . knit - - ting The loose train of thy
braids of lil - ies . . knit - - ting The loose train of thy
p
f
am - ber-drop-ping hair; List - en for dear hon - our's sake, God - dess of the
am - ber-drop-ping hair; List - en for dear hon - our's sake, God - dess of the
am - ber-drop-ping hair; List - en for dear hon - our's sake, God - dess of the
pp
sil - ver lake, List - - en, list - en and . . save!
sil - ver lake, List - en, list - en and save!
sil - ver lake, List - - en, list - en and save!
una corda.

No. 14*b*. "NOBLE LORD, AND LADY BRIGHT."

(FOR FEMALE VOICES.)

HENRY LAWES.
Arranged by Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE.


1st Soprano.
2nd Soprano.
Alto.
Maestoso.
f
No - ble Lord, and La - dy bright, We have brought .. ye new de -
No - ble Lord, and La - dy bright, We have brought ye new de - -
No - ble Lord, and La - dy bright, We have brought ye new .. de -
Maestoso. ♩= about 72.
- light; Here behold so good-ly grown Three fair branches of your own:
- light, new de-light; .. Here be-hold so good-ly grown Three fair branches of your own:
- light, new de-light; .. Here be-hold so goodly grown Three fair branches of your own:
p espress.
rall.


Animato.
f
Heav'n hath time - ly tried their youth, Their faith, their pa - tience, and their truth,
Heav'n hath time - ly tried their youth, Their faith, their pa - tience, and their truth, And
Heav'n hath time - ly tried their youth, Their faith, their pa - tience, and their truth, And
Animato.
f
And sent them here . . thro' hard as-says With a crown . . of death - less
sent them here thro' hard as - says . . With a crown of death - less
sent them here thro' hard as - says . . With a crown of death - less
rall.
marcato.
praise, To tri-umph in vic-tor-ious dance O'er sen-sual fol - ly and in-tem - per - ance.
praise, . . To triumph in vic-tor - ious dance O'er sen-sual fol - ly and in-tem - per - ance.
praise, . . To triumph in vic - to - ri - ous dance O'er sen-sual fol - ly and in-tem-per - ance.

(FOR FEMALE VOICES.)

HENRY LAWES.
Arranged by Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE.

Lento, con molto espress.

1st SOPRANO. Mor - tals, that would fol - low me, Love Vir - tue: she . . a -

2nd SOPRANO. Mor - tals, that would fol - low me, would fol-low me, Love Vir - tue: she . . a -

ALTO. Mor - tals, that would fol-low me, would fol-low me, Love Vir - tue: she a

Lento, con molto espress. ♩=66.

- lone is . . free; She can teach ye how to climb High - er than the spher - y

- lone is free; She can teach ye how to climb High - er than the spher - y

- lone is free; She can teach ye how to climb High - er than the spher - y

Very slow.

chime; Or if Vir - tue fee - ble were Heav'n it - self would stoop to her.

chime; Or if Vir - tue fee - ble were Heav'n it - self would stoop to her.

chime; Or if Vir - tue fee - ble were Heav'n it - self would stoop to her.

Very slow.

OVELLO
AND

NOVELLO'S EDITIONS.

ORATORIOS, CANTATAS, MASSES, &c.

(S.A.T.B. EDITIONS ONLY.)

PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE EACH.

T. ADAMS.

†CROSS OF CHRIST, THE.
†GOLDEN HARVEST, A.
HOLY CHILD, THE.
†NATIVITY, THE.
RAINBOW OF PEACE, THE.

W. G. ALCOCK.

AND I HEARD A GREAT VOICE.

T. ANDERTON.

NORMAN BARON, THE.
†WRECK OF THE HESPERUS, THE.

E. ASPA.

GIPSIES, THE.

ASTORGA.

STABAT MATER.

F. AUSTIN.

†SONGS IN A FARMHOUSE.

BACH.

†BIDE WITH US.
† DITTO (WELSH WORDS).
CHRIST LAY IN DEATH'S DARK PRISON.
CHRISTIANS, GRAVE YE THIS GLAD DAY.
†CHRISTMAS ORATORIO. PARTS 1—2.
DITTO DITTO. PARTS 3—4.
DITTO DITTO. PARTS 5—6.
†COME, JESU, COME (MOTET).
COME, REDEEMER OF OUR RACE.
FROM DEPTHS OF WOE I CALL ON THEE.
GIVE THE HUNGRY MAN THY BREAD.
GOD GOETH UP WITH SHOUTING.
†GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD.
†GOD'S TIME IS THE BEST.
† DITTO (WELSH WORDS).
HOW BRIGHTLY SHINES YON STAR OF MORN.
IF THOU BUT SUFFEREST GOD TO GUIDE THEE.
†JESU, PRICELESS TREASURE (MOTET).
† DITTO (WELSH WORDS).
JESUS, NOW WILL WE PRAISE THEE.
JESUS SLEEPS, WHAT HOPE REMAINETH.
LET SONGS OF REJOICING BE RAISED.
LORD IS A SUN AND SHIELD, THE.
†LORD IS MY SHEPHERD, THE.
LORD, REBUKE ME NOT.
*†MAGNIFICAT IN D.
†MY SPIRIT WAS IN HEAVINESS.
O CHRIST, MY ALL IN LIVING.
O JESU CHRIST, THOU PRINCE OF PEACE.
†O LIGHT EVERLASTING.
O PRAISE THE LORD FOR ALL HIS MERCIES.
O TEACH ME, LORD, MY DAYS TO NUMBER.
PRAISE OUR GOD WHO REIGNS IN HEAVEN.
PRAISE THOU THE LORD, JERUSALEM.
READY BE, MY SOUL, AWAY.
RISE, O SOUL, THIS HAPPY MORNING.
SAGES OF SHEBA, THE.
†SLEEPERS, WAKE.
SPIRIT ALSO HELPETH US, THE (MOTET).
†STRONGHOLD SURE, A.
THERE IS NOUGHT OF SOUNDNESS IN ALL MY BODY.
THOU GUIDE OF ISRAEL.
WAILING, CRYING, MOURNING, SIGHING.
WATCH YE, PRAY YE.
WHEN WILL GOD RECALL MY SPIRIT.
WHOSO DOTH OFFER THANKS.

J. BARNBY.

†REBEKAH.

M. BARTON.

MASS, IN A.

BEETHOVEN.

†CHORAL FANTASIA.
ENGEDI.
†MASS, IN C (LATIN WORDS).
*MASS, IN C.
†MOUNT OF OLIVES.

G. J. BENNETT.

EASTER HYMN (ON THE MORN OF EASTER DAY).

W. S. BENNETT.

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H. BLAIR.

†HARVEST-TIDE.

J. BRAHMS.

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SONGS OF LOVE (VOCAL PART ONLY).

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†ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

A. H. BREWER.

O PRAISE THE LORD.
SONG OF EDEN, A.

J. F. BRIDGE.

HYMN TO THE CREATOR.
†INCHCAPE ROCK, THE.
†LORD'S PRAYER, THE.
*†ROCK OF AGES.

CARISSIMI.

*JEPHTHAH.

CHERUBINI.

*FIRST MASS, REQUIEM, IN C MINOR.
THIRD MASS (CORONATION), IN A.
FOURTH MASS, IN C.

G. F. COBB.

MY SOUL TRULY WAITETH.

M. COSTA.

DREAM, THE.

F. H. COWEN.

†HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.

B. J. DALE.

†BEFORE THE PALING OF THE STARS.

H. W. DAVIES.

†HERVÉ RIEL.
ODE ON TIME.

T. F. DUNHILL.

†TUBAL CAIN.

E. ELGAR.

†FOR THE FALLEN.
†FOURTH OF AUGUST, THE.
TE DEUM AND BENEDICTUS, IN F.

R. F. ELLICOTT.

ELYSIUM.

R. FRANZ.

PRAISE YE THE LORD.

N. W. GADE.

†CHRISTMAS EVE.
†ERL-KING'S DAUGHTER, THE.
ZION.

G. M. GARRETT.

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*THIRD MASS, IN D.
*TE DEUM.
SEASONS, THE, FROM:
†SPRING.
SUMMER.
AUTUMN.
WINTER.
SEASONS, THE (CHORUSES ONLY).

E. HECHT.

O MAY I JOIN THE CHOIR INVISIBLE

H. M. HIGGS.

ERL KING, THE.

F. HILLER.

†SONG OF VICTORY, A.

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G. A. MACFARREN.
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